

ROOSEVELT DICTATES TOO! by BENITO MUSSOLINI

MAR. 25,
1939

★ Liberty 5¢



R. Wilson McCoy

HOLLYWOOD'S
RICHEST ACTOR

NIGHT CHEATS A NOVEL OF 1939 AND THE HOURS BETWEEN 5 AND 7 by GRACE PERKINS

Do you know WHY SMALL CHANGE IS CALLED PIN MONEY?



In 14th CENTURY ENGLAND, when pins were very rare and expensive, the good wives so desired them that many a household budget was wrecked... so the men restricted the sale of pins to two days a year! Then the women began putting aside small sums against those days, and to this day "PIN MONEY" means small change.

• A Free Booklet describing the origin of Human Customs sent on request

Here's another custom based on fact:

To say GLENMORE when you buy whiskey is to say the best in Bourbon. Glenmore's particular distilling methods, using fine grains and Kentucky's superb deep-well water, have contributed mightily to the honorable traditions which surround Kentucky Bourbon.



Gold Label—100 Proof
Silver Label—90 Proof

Pour
Glenmore
... you get more

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY, INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE—OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

Copr. 1939, Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated.

No. 11 of a series:
FACTS
BEHIND OUR
HUMAN CUSTOMS



Look for the Glenmore Colonel
...symbol of the proudest
names in Kentucky whiskies.



The Aristocrat of Bonds
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Bottled in Bond—100 Proof



You ought to know
TOM HARDY
A Blend of Kentucky Straight
Whiskies—90 Proof



*Change to MINT SPRINGS
and keep the change*
Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Whiskey—90 Proof

Socially—or in Business

Good-looking Hair helps put you over!



SOCIALLY or in business, good-looking hair helps a man to the front—helps him in every contact he makes. And the easy, effortless way to keep your hair *healthier* as well as good-looking is to make Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" part of your daily routine.

FOR HEALTHIER HAIR—Massage Vitalis briskly on your scalp with your fingertips. Feel the exhilarating tingle as circulation is aroused. Your scalp loses that tight, restricted feeling—becomes looser, more flexible. Each "workout" routs loose dandruff and helps prevent excessive falling hair.

FOR GOOD-LOOKING HAIR—Good grooming is easier with Vitalis. Your hair takes on a new, rich lustre as the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis augment the depleted natural oils. Your hair

Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"



1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

responds easily to comb and brush. It stays neatly in place, with a handsome lustre but without that objectionable "patent-leather" look. Vitalis will help

you have the kind of hair that everyone admires. Get a bottle of Vitalis at your drug store, today. Start using Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"
helps keep Hair Healthy and Handsome



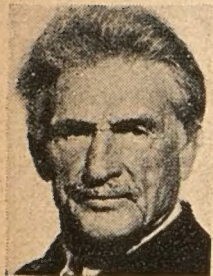
WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Seal tubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. *Insist on Seal tubes!*

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

PATRIOTISM—NO NATION CAN LIVE WITHOUT IT



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

A love of country is absolutely essential to the life of any nation. We cannot continue to exist without it. The liberties we have enjoyed for the last hundred and fifty years represent an unprecedented divergence from the systems that have been followed by other countries throughout the entire history of the world.

Gladstone, one of England's great statesmen, is said to have remarked that our Constitution evidenced a degree of wisdom that was almost divine in character.

During Fourth-of-July celebrations previous to the New Deal revolutionary experiments we boasted of the superiority of our system. We are a free people. Washington, Jefferson are cited as saviors. The wisdom that was manifested in the governmental system created by these pioneers has been heralded throughout the world.

We have enjoyed wealth beyond the wildest imaginations of the rich men of former periods. But the more wealth we secure, the more privileges we enjoy, the less patriotism we seem to have.

What's the matter with us? Why can't we learn to appreciate the good things in life that have come to us practically without effort?

We will either learn to appreciate them, or ultimately they will be lost forever.

If we buy a fine automobile, we realize the necessity of taking care of it. It is given every possible attention . . . furnished with oil at proper intervals and frequently cared for like a beloved child. And if not it soon rusts and its usefulness is destroyed.

Even life itself must be appreciated. We must love life if it is to be enjoyed or prolonged.

We must love our country. We must be willing

to fight for it. Without this evidence of patriotism as a nation we are headed for the scrap heap.

In Germany and France every young man has to spend a year or more in the army. He goes through a system of arduous training. He makes certain definite sacrifices. And he learns to love his country.

The more you do for your homeland the more you appreciate it.

In an article recently published in Liberty we learned the secret of the fiery patriotism of the Japanese. The author of that article, Yosuke Matsuoka, speaking of this patriotic influence, says: "It gives a spiritual force to every activity of Japan utterly beyond the conception of any other people—a mystic power that defies all scientific measurements and analysis. Without this, Japan is like any other country in the world—a third-rate Power in fact. With it she stands alone as a political miracle among the Great Powers."

Has Japan anything to be thankful for that cannot be secured in this country? Those who visit that country will undoubtedly prefer America in every instance. The Japanese who are living here and enjoy the privileges that are given our people so freely would undoubtedly prefer this country if it were not for their patriotic love of the homeland.

We must find some procedure that will rouse within our people an appropriate love of country. We must learn to appreciate the good things we have enjoyed.

The flag of the United States is waving in the school yards of this country. We have certain ceremonies in some schools that are supposed to stimulate a patriotic spirit. But such ceremonies are usually mechanical, without enthusiasm, minus the feeling and emotions essential to make the youth of this country appreciate their importance.

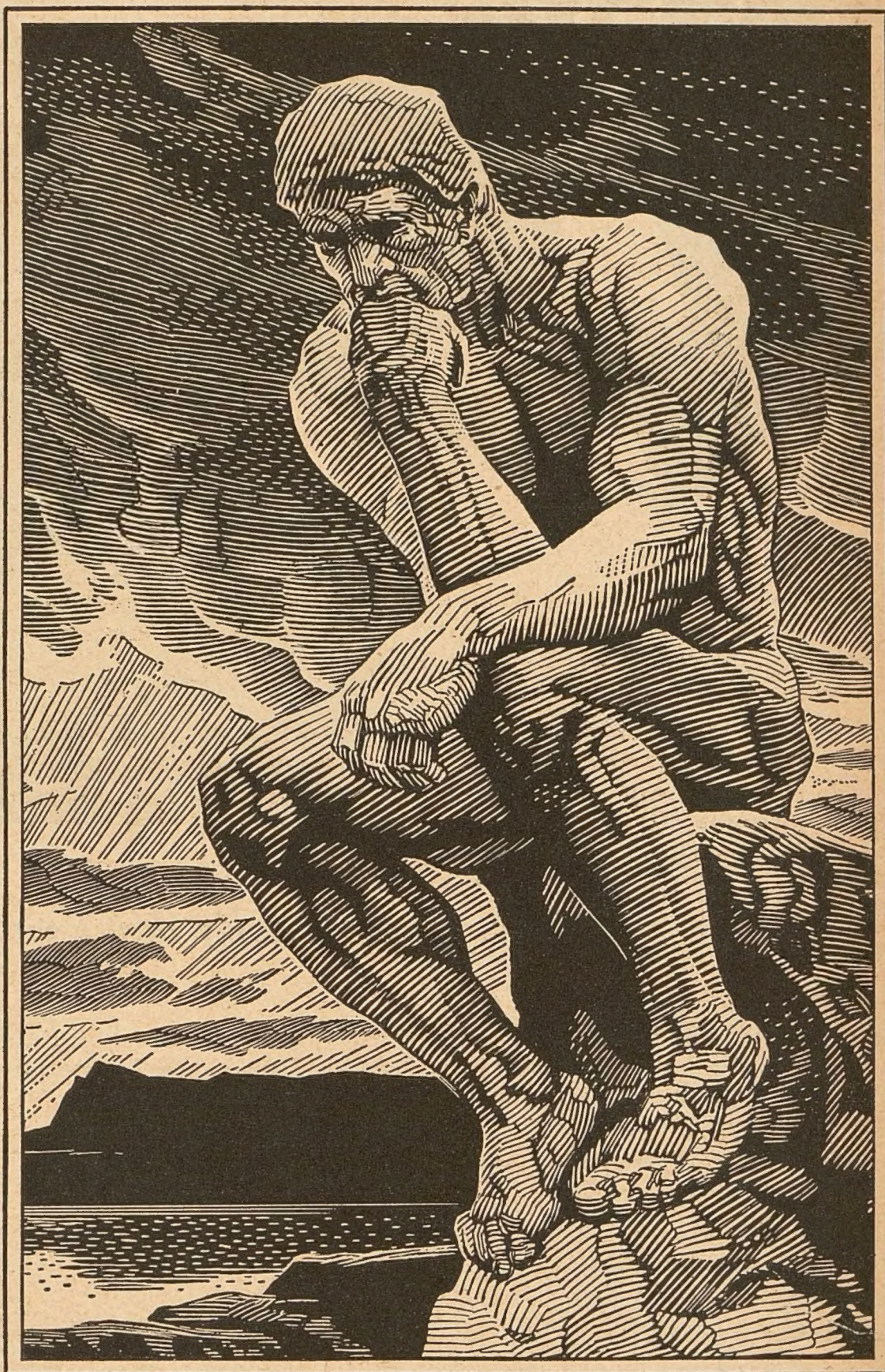
Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 70

PICTURE OF A MAN CROSSING A BRIDGE

We've all heard of that famous bridge—the one that some people try to cross before they get to it. Fret, Worry & Fear built it and did a bad job. It's wobbly... and it never gets anybody anywhere.

There's another bridge—Confidence—that is strongly engineered to carry heavy loads. Confidence sailed our pioneer forefathers across the turbulent Atlantic. Confidence helped our grandfathers extend the stubborn frontier—and made ours the strongest and most abundant land on Earth today. Confidence is ready now to take America further still.



*Live Life... Every golden minute of it
Enjoy Budweiser... Every golden drop of it*

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • ST. LOUIS.

Makers of the

World-Famous

BUDWEISER—King of Bottled Beer



COPR. 1938, ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC., ST. LOUIS, MO.



Say, Ernie...why don't you relax?

VOICE OF CONSCIENCE: Ernie, why are you letting that fellow monopolize those two girls? Why can't you relax, act natural, say something funny?

ERNIE: *Who could do anything but look funny in this shirt?*

VOICE OF C.: Well, what made you buy it? You knew it might shrink.

ERNIE: *But it said "pre-shrunk" on it, and I thought maybe this time—*

VOICE OF C.: You know very well you can't depend on those words "pre-shrunk" or "full-shrunk." Why didn't you insist on a shirt that said "Sanforized-Shrunk" like I told you?

ERNIE: *Well—I—*

VOICE OF C.: Haven't you read about the Sanforizing process? How it takes *all* the shrinkage out of the fabric within a mere

1%, by Government standard test? And that Good Housekeeping Magazine confirms this figure?

ERNIE: *Yes, but—*

VOICE OF C.: Must I tell you all over again that there are 195 patents on the process? And no Sanforized-Shrunk shirt will ever shrink out of fit, no matter how often it's washed?

ERNIE: *Listen, why don't you quit harping at me, and tell me something I can do about it—now—before that girl walks out on me?*

VOICE OF C.: Here's what to do, Ernie! Tell the girls you've got to send a wire, or phone your Aunt Emma. Then run across the street and get a nice, comfortable Sanforized-Shrunk shirt to wear. It will fit you now—and it will still fit the next time you have a date with that girl—

ERNIE: *If there's a next time—*

VOICE OF C.: Sure there'll be, if you hurry. That store is still open—and they carry Sanforized-Shrunk shirts in different makes, at all prices.

ERNIE: *Here goes. Watch me make a hit with both those girls when I come back—*

VOICE OF C.: But don't forget the other fellow has a head start. He's never worn any other kind *but* Sanforized-Shrunk shirts.

Look this way, girls—

—and end your shrinking troubles, too. Look for the words SANFORIZED-SHRUNK whenever you buy anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon.



- Women's Dresses
- Nurses' Uniforms
- Men's Shirts, Slacks
- Men's Work Clothes
- Men's Pyjamas, Shorts
- Children's Garments
- Slip-covers and Draperies

To be sure of permanent fit... look for the words... *Sanforized-Shrunk*

SAFETY ISN'T SISSY!

SAFETY'S jubilee year finds the show-off virtually extinct among American factory workers.

Remember the show-off? He was the fellow who rode the traveling crane with one foot swinging. He jeered at mechanical safeguards. He took fearful chances of accident because it was supposed to make him a hero in the eyes of his fellow workers. He liked to call safety just "sissey" stuff.

Now he has disappeared, and today's hero is the workman who knows it is smart to do things the safe way. He is distinguished by a skillful ability to avoid unnecessary chances. Today workers and management alike are immensely proud—as they should be—of a safety program which in twenty-five years has saved 278,000 human lives and spared untold suffering and millions of heartaches from injuries and lost time.

Common sense suggests that the principles which have proved so splendidly effective in reducing the hazards of industry should now be extended to the street and highway.

And how can this be done?

From South Bend, Indiana, comes a highly promising answer. It is in the form of an Industrial Traffic Safety League, an organization which in two years has demonstrated by amazing results that, given an opportunity, industry can take a leading role in the community campaign for highway accident reduction.

I said amazing results. The fact is that 20,000 South Bend industrial workers, men and women, have become five times better drivers than their fellow townspeople; five times more observant of traffic laws. Representing 40 per cent of the licensed driving public in the community, they have accounted this year for only 8 per cent of the traffic-law offenses!

The League is, essentially, nothing more than the joining together of industrial workers in the common purpose of protecting themselves and their families from the acute dangers which attend bad motoring habits. Each person joins by signing—voluntarily—a simple ten-point safe-driving pledge.

BY PAUL G. HOFFMAN

President of the Studebaker Corporation and
the Automotive Safety Foundation

The story of a new way to fight the menace of highway hazards

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 40 SECONDS



★ SAFETY PLEDGE ★

FOLLOWING IS THE TEN-POINT PLEDGE MADE BY ALL MEMBERS OF SOUTH BEND, IND., INDUSTRIAL SAFETY LEAGUES. OBSERVANCE OF THE RULES IS PROTECTING THEM. IT CAN ALSO PROTECT YOU FROM ACCIDENT.

1. Never overtake a car unless you are positive that there is ample space ahead; that means, of course, never on a curve or a hill.
2. Slow down when approaching all intersections, including private driveways, and thus have your car under complete control and prepared to stop.
3. Slow down when approaching any child or pedestrian and thus be prepared for any unexpected movement.
4. Keep your brakes and lights, in fact your entire car, in good condition, as safe a condition as when it was new.
5. Stop on red traffic signals and stay stopped until the light has turned green. Rushing signals invites disaster.
6. Come to a dead stop at stop signs, because the other fellow has the right of way.
7. If you have been drinking, don't drive. Of course you believe you are sober, but the evidence is all against sober drivers who have been drinking.
8. Slow down to compensate for slippery streets caused by rain, snow, or ice.
9. Slow down when driving at night. There is no substitute for daylight when it comes to visibility.
10. Always drive at a speed which will permit you to stop within the assured clear distance ahead. If you don't get in a jam you won't have to get out of one.

SOUTH BEND CIVIC SAFETY COUNCIL



Now, the signing of a pledge certainly is not new in traffic safety. Neither is it always productive of results. And that is exactly where the Industrial Traffic Safety League comes in. With their employees enrolled 100 per cent, two dozen industries back in 1936 launched an annual contest to determine which company could have the fewest proportionate number of pledge violators.

Cumulative standings are tabulated month by month. Conspicuous bulletins proclaim to thousands in all plants the progress of competition. Newspaper and radio publicity on the contest also contributes substantially to the general community safety-education program.

A pledge violator, of course, is an employee convicted of disobeying the traffic law. Keeping track of convictions every month puts the police department and traffic court into the picture. Sponsorship of the League by the Safety Council puts the Association of Commerce into it. The continuous co-operation of police, court, civic organization, and 20,000 citizens is one of the interesting beneficial by-products of the movement.

All of this activity is borrowed from successful industrial-safety technique. It is a contest, harnessing the natural spirit of rivalry between companies. It is, moreover, a positive approach to the problem; instead of preaching don't do this or that, the League calls for positive action in eliminating traffic hazards.

Yet this still is not enough. The program goes one vital step further to inject actual sanctions into every pledge. This is where industrial leadership enters the picture. Every month the names of violators are reported to the firms involved. Each violator in turn gets a confidential memorandum from the head of his company. It is a personal appeal for pledge observance. It is regretful recognition of the black mark on the company's contest record. And no one likes to be the laggard in a red-hot race for a silver trophy cup.

The reaction? Results speak pretty well for themselves. But if you asked any of these 20,000 men and women about it, they probably would tell

you they are soldiers in a new war on accidents. You might find them just a little bit proud that they have become five times better drivers than their neighbors.

At any rate, they would heartily agree that so far as Industrial Traffic Safety League members are concerned, the show-off is once more on his way to extinction.

THE END

ROOSEVELT DICTATES TOO!

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WE are completely launched upon a period which must be regarded as a transition from one era to another. The ideals of the nineteenth century have been shattered to pieces and now find no partisan to defend them. Does it not evidence the trend of the time-spirit that there are Socialists who have become weary and even impatient of the Socialism that was embalmed by the teaching of Marx?

Thus also there are Democrats who wish to hear no more of Democracy, and Liberals who look upon the Demo-Liberal phase in the states of the Occident as a thing of the past. The causes of this twilight stage and of the collapse of Demo-Liberal world theories are of a negative as well as a positive aspect.

The negative causes may be summed up as due to the development of anonymous capitalism, which naturally had become to a certain extent socialized and was therefore ready to fall into the arms of the state as a result of the impotence of the executive, the mock homage paid to Parliament, and the false belief in class cherished by the proletariat.

The last four years of the crisis have merely served to reveal more clearly the characteristic features of this situation. At the same time the new Fascist conceptions, which are inspiring every nation throughout the world, would never have reached their present stage of development but for the intervention of other circumstances which I may refer to as the positive causes of the situation. Among these stands first and foremost both in time and importance the decennial anniversary of the Fascist revolution.

Millions of mortals looked on at this celebration and finally succeeded in grasping its significance. There were three events which created an impression both immediate and arresting—the Revolution Exhibition, the Via dell' Impero, and the reclamation of the Pontine Marshes. It is the story of a vanishing past and of the creation of a new life.

The decennial came in the form of a revelation. Those people who, presumably, did not wish to believe in the durability of the Fascist regime stood amazed at its triumphant completion of the first ten years of its existence and began to take counsel together. Many who had regarded Fascism as simply a transient episode in Italian politics began to make a point of studying it seriously; every one, even the man in the street, could observe at a glance the profound changes brought about by Fascism not

**Exclusive! Liberty presents
a sensational challenge
to the U.S.A., from
Il Duce himself**





BY BENITO MUSSOLINI

PHOTOGRAPHS
FROM INTERNA-
TIONAL. WIDE
WORLD AND ACME.

merely in matters material but also in the mentality and spirit of the Italian people.

In this as in every such case the *fait accompli* proved irresistibly persuasive, and the example set by Italy inspired many lands, both far and near, with the desire to imitate her. An echo of this aspiration, if only a faint one, may be detected in the speeches of the French Socialist group.

The second event which threatened all the recognized and cherished tenets of the past century with extinction was the triumph of the National-Socialist Party in Germany—a triumph which the orthodox Socialists of France,

with Leon Blum at their head, now professed to regard as a conspiracy. Here, then, is another first-class country which has set about the creation of a unitary, authoritative state comprising every citizen—that is to say, a Fascist state—with words and deeds more emphatic than any Fascism itself found necessary, because its arena was one of traditions which were historically different.

It would be out of place here to elaborate the points of similarity and of dissimilarity between the two regimes. What is undeniable is the obvious fact that both regimes act and enact with entire freedom from any Demo-Liberal influence.

The very word “Socialism” would now be unknown to Germans.

The yeast of Fascism, metaphorically speaking, so potent for the revivifying of the world both intellectually and politically, may now be observed fermenting in all lands, including England.

Nor is it open to doubt that France also, the last citadel of “immortal principles,” will on a day not far distant hoist the white flag of capitulation, and that America likewise will emancipate herself from such outworn tenets.

Roosevelt originates, acts, and orders with entire freedom from the approval or good will of the Houses of Legislature. Between himself and the nation there is no longer any intervening party. There is no parliament but only the state! There are no longer any parties but only one indivisible party. A single will silences all dissentient voices. All this is at variance with Demo-Liberal ideas.

The appeal to the young grows everywhere in attractiveness and intensity.

The one nation which moved as on wings through these times and stole a march of ten years on other countries is Italy.

But there can be no justification for believing or attempting to make others believe that the young people, who have now become the governing classes in the Fascist states, will do anything that will jeopardize the cause of peace.

With far more cogency it may be anticipated that they will safeguard the world from war.

As is invariably the case, nothing could be more interesting or dramatic than this passing of an era which, with all its errors, iconoclasms, and even sacrilege, has left indelible traces behind it.

THE END

Twilight CHEATS

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of *No More Orchids*, *The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll*, etc.

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PART ONE—WHILE A WIFE WAITED

AT ten minutes past eight on a rainy September evening, Perry Snow stepped into the elevator of the Merchants Building. It was absurdly late and she was tearing hungry. But a smile flecked her large full mouth. She had just left the office of Decant Furriers, Inc., with a nine-hundred-dollar order for her pictures. Perry felt triumphant and happy.

On the twelfth floor the elevator stopped, and a single passenger got in. The first glimpse of his face startled her so sharply that she almost murmured aloud. She closed her eyes briefly—calling on common sense to lay an old ghost. A moment later she stole a glance at him and marveled at a strange desire to know him—and know him well. Perry considered this man, her photographer's eyes automatically noting his uncommon good looks and his House of Lords bearing. He did not glance at her.

Past the ninth floor there was a perceptible jolt in the mechanism, then a wheezing sound. The cage slid slowly, heavily, a few reluctant feet—stopped.

The colored attendant turned with an out-palmed gesture of his hands. His eyes were bloodshot.

"Power's off," he announced.

"Well, now," the man spoke. His voice was strong but a trifle tired. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Me, boss? Why, nothin'. Automatic. It's an automatic control. For protection that is. See? And it worked. Just wait here now until they do something."

Perry laughed ruefully. "Did you ever notice," she addressed her fellow passenger, "how *they* seem to control so much of our lives?"

The man's brown eyes rested on her with an almost abstracted air. He'd make a good subject, Perry thought. And was amused at his baf-

fled consideration of her question. Evidently he was a stranger to whimsey, even in a watered form.

She lifted her head and smiled at him. And, as she had expected, his eyes found her. She took the flattery of his quick flood of admiration quite easily. She was used to it.

"It's our whipping boy," he smiled briefly.

Perry lifted a puzzled eyebrow. "What is?"

"The word *they*," he explained, and they both laughed.

The man took out a heavy gold watch from his vest pocket, and made a sound of exasperation.

"Any sign of life?" he snapped at the colored man.

"No, sir. Sure don't hear nothin'," the operator shrugged. "This here's the only elevator running this late. I sure hope that janitor he ain't gone out to his supper."

"I sure hope too," murmured Perry.

Her companion glanced at her speculatively, and then turned back to the Negro.

"Now, look here," he said masterfully. "Something's got to be done. We'll wait another five minutes, and then, if nothing else, we'll have to find a way to make enough noise to rouse some one."

The decision seemed to relieve him. He smiled his brief self-conscious smile at Perry again, and took off his topcoat. His physique was strong and sound, but Perry surmised that it was a carry-over from exercise in his youth. He had all the marks of being for many years a desk man. He was under forty, she decided. He went to a good tailor, but one who took life seriously.

"Rotten service," he muttered. "I've said so for years. It's a relic of an old building anyway."

"It has B. O. too," Perry nodded confidentially.



Manthé Moore

A fascinating novel of 1939's men and women in business—and the hours between 5 and 7

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHE MOORE

He laughed. This strange young woman was openly flirtatious, and it gave him a pleasant flutter. Her clothes bespoke means and good taste. Her carriage was that of a girl who enjoyed her body.

"Did you leave anybody in your office?" she asked.

"No. I locked up."

"Well, I left people in the office where I was," she said reassuringly. "Decant, the furriers. Said they were going to work very late. But they've got to stop some time. And they'll discover us."

"Well, the five minutes are up," he announced.

"Come on," said Perry. "We'll all yell."

She screamed magnificently, her voice clear as spring water, and both men called and whistled.

Silence. No answering sound of any kind.

"Pups!" the man exploded wrathfully, and Perry blinked, controlling a desire to laugh at the fierce snap of the simple word. But his anger and concern were too intense. "Listen, Sam. Can't you do something? Didn't they ever instruct you what to do in an emergency?"

"There's a trapdoor up there in the ceiling," Sam admitted dolefully. "But we ain't near enough to the next floor for me to climb up to it."

The man threw back his head and examined the set-up.

"Bet I can do it," he murmured, obviously telling himself. He let his topcoat slide to the floor.

"No, boss, you can't," the colored man protested. "I couldn't let you."

"You can't stop me."

"Maybe I can't, but I got to," the Negro insisted doggedly. "It's against rules to let a passenger . . . It would cook my goose fine. No, sir. You ain't goin' to risk my job, are you, boss?"

"Not if you get up there and risk your neck."

"Yes, sir, I'm goin'. I was just goin' anyway."

In silence they watched him. He stood on his small folding stool, turned a rusty stubborn catch, and with hard beating of his brown fist urged the ceiling trapdoor out of its groove and open. Then with a grunt he chinned himself upward.

She screamed magnificently, her voice clear as spring water, and both men called.



Perry and her fellow passenger stretched their necks to gaze upward. The colored man climbed the twisted steel cable. It wasn't easy, and they could hear his breath in muffled grunts. Even when he managed the perch of one foot, it seemed doubtful if his arm would be long enough to reach the lock and still hold on to the cable with the other. But at last they heard the click of a lock, heard him gasp triumphantly, and realized that with all his strength he was sliding the door open.

"Whew!" sighed Perry, and pressed her fingers against her eyes. "Here. Sit down here."

He had touched her arm and she glanced up, realizing he was afraid she felt faint. She laughed shortly.

"I'm all right. But thanks, I will." She seated herself gratefully on the little stool for the operator.

GOOD work, Sam," the man called. "Leave the door slightly open, will you? We can do with air."

"Sure thing. I won't be long now." "Right."

He glanced at the girl and smiled. "We'll be out of this soon now."

She nodded. "Why don't you sit down yourself?"

He seated himself on the floor. She was taking off her scarf and loosening her dark blue jacket. Her blouse was sheer pineapple linen with exquisite drawn-thread details. Under it you were conscious of snugly fitted laciness clinging to proud high breasts.

"I'm Andrew Lane," he said, nicely casual.

"Andrew," she said, as if tasting it, "Lane."

"Do you—eh—work in this building?" he prodded her.

"Oh, no. But I got me a slick little contract in this building. I'm a photographer. I'm Perry Snow."

"Perry Snow," he repeated. But the name evidently meant nothing to him. "A photographer, eh?" he considered. "Advertising?"

"All kinds," she shrugged. "I'm my own boss and my own master. And that's not tautological."

"A neat point," he agreed, and grinned.

"If you ever looked at names on pictures you see in magazines, you'd be familiar with the name Perry Snow."

"I must learn to look."

His upturned face was full of interest. He had taken off his hat and she marked his brown hair with approval. There was no oil sheen, no dandruff, no bald spot, and only a suggestion of gray.

"You certainly don't subscribe to Facts or you would have seen my pictures of Europe," she chided. "I did the Coronation. I did Russia to a fare-you-well, and Turkey."

He whistled softly, impressed.

"I like to do events—people—life," she went on, her voice fruity. "I love to do machinery. And towns. I like studies of men, too. But I never do children because they leave me immeasurably sad. And I never do

ladies. Nice women. They're living corpses."

He laughed shortly.

"What is your business?" she demanded.

"Me? Spruce Ale."

"Oh, that new drink. Maybe a bottle wouldn't go good now!"

He nodded, and they both shifted positions, conscious of the closeness.

"It's your own drink and your own firm, isn't it?" Perry guessed.

"Yes. How did you know? You didn't recognize the name."

"No. I just knew. You look like an owner and a boss."

He realized he was absurdly pleased. He took out his big watch again and clucked.

"Too bad you can't get a message to your wife," Perry said softly.

He shot her a quick look. "Do I look like a married man too?"

"Certainly. No man as attractive and well-to-do as you are is bondless." She put her head to one side. "Do I look married?"

For the first time his eyes were bold. "If you are," he said, "it didn't take."

"I'm not," she laughed. "I don't believe in marriage. I've seen too many husbands."

He seemed seriously to be considering that, or rather the odd puzzle of whether this female was as nice as she looked, or as brazen as she sounded. Her clothes, her carriage, her voice, even her bones, indicated the lady. Her eyes and smile were unquestionably seductive and her remarks were hardly inhibited.

She caught his gaze and held it unwaveringly.

BUT at that moment the light in the ceiling of the elevator reached the end of its career. It dimmed wistfully, gave one last burst of light—and went out. They were in thick darkness, a few feet apart.

After a moment he struck a match. His face had a patient look in the glow of the flame.

"I'm sure we're not supposed to smoke, but would you like a cigarette?" he suggested. "I'll pay the fine."

"Thanks."

He lit one slowly, thoughtfully, and reached out with it. She took it fumblingly.

"Your fingers are cold," he said softly.

"I'm hungry."

He lit a cigarette for himself, and they both savored the physical nip of the first long draw.

"Perhaps," he said, and his voice was gentle in the dark, "if and when we are ever rescued, you'd let me take you to dinner."

"And a cocktail?"

"And two cocktails."

"Will you make it the nearest place in sight?"

"No. I'll make it the nicest place in town."

"Where's that?"

He swallowed, wishing that he knew more about fashionable, popu-

lar restaurants. He went about so little.

"Where's your favorite?" he parried.

"My favorite of all? It's a little quiet place. The lights are quiet and so are the people, always. They have two slide guitars. I love that kind of music at the end of the day. That's how I certainly feel now—like the end of a day."

"Instead of . . .?"

"The beginning of a night."

They smoked in silent darkness a moment, and then she said, "Can you put this out for me?"

He reached over to grasp her cigarette stub carefully. His forehead knocked lightly against her hair and cheek. A faint perfume filled his nostrils and he drank it in, suddenly eager to fill his lungs with it.

Below them came sounds that mounted as he tamped out both cigarettes on the floor beside him. Way beneath them the slide of the basement door was being opened, and there was a faint stream of light.

"Hey! Up there! All right?" called a voice.

"The marines," Perry murmured. "And we were down to our last shell."

MARTHA LANE poured herself a drink of sherry. Martha had just lived through a horrible half hour with young Freddie. He was fourteen now, and towered over his mother. He had come home late from school, a sight—his first long pants torn, his knuckles raw, a welt on his cheek. He had, she had eventually forced him to admit, "beaten the devil out of Chuck Peters." Only by the threat of refusing to let him join the football team had Martha squeezed from him the cause of the fight.

"He insulted you, that's what. That's why," Freddie had said sullenly, his hot face down, so that she could see the dried mud in his curly brown hair.

"Insulted me?" Martha had gasped faintly. "Me? You mean he called me names?"

"No."

"Freddie, look at me. I insist upon your telling me."

"Can't. I won't, either. Wild horses couldn't make me. Not if you burned my feet and if you . . ."

"Freddie! Stop that nonsense. What do you think this is—a radio program? Now you tell me what was said, or I'll call Chuck's mother."

Freddie regarded his mother resentfully.

"He said," her son told her in a flat thin voice, "you looked a mess in a bathing suit."

Martha Lane felt as if she had been struck.

"He did?" Martha tried to laugh. But neither she nor the boy looked at each other. "Well, after all, Freddie, that wasn't anything so terrible. I'm awfully—proud of you, Freddie, that you'd fight for me."

Martha's smile was full of comradeship, and even now her son responded to it.

"No doubt he thinks I *do!*" she said with a helpless little gesture. "I'm no chorus beauty, you know, Freddie. A woman who has been through as much as I have—operations, illnesses—well, she hardly sets herself up to be a—fashion plate."

"Sure, mom, I know." Clearly Freddie wanted to be through with the whole sorry scene.

Martha shivered now and drew closer to the fire. She knew very well she looked a mess in a bathing suit. She would never wear one again. Awful, the way growing boys noticed. . . .

A voice screamed to her from above. And another dearly treble voice. Martha hurried up to the "nursery floor." She did Gloria's curls on rags, and listened to Gloria's hash of a Ma Perkins program.

It was incessant loving work, but Martha was making Gloria into a beauty—slowly and surely. Little Gloria, born cross-eyed, was Martha's only real taste of tragedy. That was when Martha had lost her girlhood; she had lost her figure and let herself go. Not that she knew. She knew only the heartbreak and the pity for her little girl. Gloria had been operated on when she was seven. But while the Lanes had thought they had the best surgeon living, Gloria's left eye could see only straight ahead, and that dimly. But her eyes were beautiful. Squirrel gray, like Martha's. *Beautiful eyes.*

Martha saw nine-year-old Gloria into bed and kissed her. She rebuked Freddie in his room for having the radio so loud. She quieted little Teddy, who had got soap in his eyes, and she got them all to bed, even big Freddie, on the plea of his swollen cheek. She read to Teddy all about Babar, pleased with the sound of her own voice imitating moods and philosophical side lights. And she kissed her children. She kissed them many, many times, breathing in the smell of them, the defenseless backs of their necks. And their fragrance filled her lungs.

WITH the lights out, and only muffled noises coming from weary children, Martha "picked up" around her top floor. Noting the state of small garments; the empty tooth-paste tube, which Miss Fellows—now on her day off—was certainly going to hear about.

By the upper-hall umbrella stand was a picture. Done by Freddie, obviously, and Freddie was really a genius in his way. It depicted a strip teaser (whose torso was something Martha would prefer her boy did not know in such luscious detail) and a woman bent against a snowstorm, carrying a child in her arms. Underneath Freddie had printed, *A Mother Is Not a Floosie.*

Martha's strong veined hand reached out for it, and decided to forgo it. Martha was wise. Martha would pretend never to have seen the boy's rationalization of his emotions. You had to do that with boys. You

had to diet your emotions and keep thin sentimentally. . . .

But she went downstairs greatly appeased. With the comfortable carriage of a woman who is regal in her knowledge of goodness. Martha could be proud—and justified.

Yet oftener and oftener she felt restless, as she did tonight. Empty. Not dissatisfied but thoroughly unsatisfied. . . .

She sighed and went into the kitchen.

"Annie, just give me a tray by the fire, will you? Since Mr. Lane's too late for dinner."

She went back to the living room



GRACE PERKINS

an actress turned novelist and screen-play writer, is the author of such best sellers as *Ex-Mistress*, *Night Nurse*, *Personal Maid*, *No More Orchids*, *Modern Lady*, and *The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll*. Before she left the stage she appeared in *Lightnin'* and several other Broadway productions. She is married and has a son and a daughter.

feeling blue. She called up Chuck's mother and kidded with her about the boys' brawl. Just to show she had her son's full confidence, and that she was a *civilized* woman who could meet a mean situation without any of your stupid mountain-molehill business.

Then she phoned her mother and had a long, long chat. It was an extravagance, such a prolonged visit over the wire, tolls between New York City and Rye being what they are. But Martha and her mother were *very* close and they talked at least once a day.

Not until her bacon and eggs had been sitting on the coffee table before the fire a full four minutes did Martha hang up. She was more peaceful and pleased as she sat and ate alone. By her side she opened a *Vogue*, turning the pages and wallowing mistily in the projections of lavish furs, gowns, jewels, and laces.

Madame DuValle rinses her hair in old champagne to coax the golden gleams. . . . Now that hair is up, earrings have come into their own. Why

not have a pair made with your monogram in spiral gold? . . . Watch your waistline now, if ever. Until you have exercised it to the tiniest possible dimensions, order a new Lilygale Foundation Garment, fitted with figure-wise fingers. . . .

MARTHA sighed. She tried the radio, but news bored her. Classical music reminded her of how completely she had let that joy slip out of her life. Her stiff fingers once could play both piano and organ. She switched the dial around, her spirits flagging. The clock said twenty past nine. The radio said madness. No, that was swing. It saddened Martha immeasurably, because she was forty, or would be in a couple of months, and dancing was over for her. Fun was over for her. She and Andy almost never danced any more. Never played any more. If the truth must be faced, they hadn't even romance any more. That's what seventeen years of married life does to you when you're just turning forty and don't really feel too old for fun or dancing or romance. . . .

Oh, dear Lord, she thought frantically; what's happened? I have nothing and I have everything. Why can't I be satisfied?

Martha snapped off the machine and with a willful gesture got up and mixed herself a highball. She drank it thoughtfully—seeking thoughtlessness. She wanted madly to scream. But instead she went over to the mantel mirror to look at herself.

But Martha couldn't see the whole story. She knew only that once she had been cute and roguish, and that Andy had called her, long ago, Peter Pan and Rosalind. . . . But she couldn't realize that she was still playing those parts, still being cute and roguish, in a body and face that were different now.

"It isn't over," she said half aloud to her face. "It isn't, is it? Is a woman really done at forty? What will I do with the years? . . ."

Her eyes rested on Andy's picture, taken ten years ago. A man to worship. A man to live your life with richly, fully. . . .

She swallowed hard. "Andy . . . dear . . . are you as bleak as I am? Can't we find it again?"

She turned away, ashamed.

The phone rang. It was almost half past nine.

"Hello, darling," she answered. . . . What? . . . Why, Andy, you sound terrible! . . . No! The elevator? Oh, how awful! . . . What a dreadful experience, darling. . . . Oh, of course, you must be starved. . . . All right. I'll meet the eleven forty-five. You eat a good dinner and don't hurry. . . . Well, I love you, too, dear. 'By."

She hung up, really distressed for Andy. Imagine being stuck over a half hour in an elevator! Poor boy. . . .

Well, that would mean a long wait for him now. Over two hours before she would have to leave for the sta-

tion to pick him up. Might as well do that beastly old Alumnae correspondence and get it over with.

She worked nearly an hour. After which she cleaned Andy's pipes, boiling them in milk and ramming through the stems with a cleaner dipped in Bourbon.

The phone rang and Martha went out to the hall eagerly. It would be good to talk to—any one.

"Hello? Why, hello, Claire dear. No, just been doing Alumnae correspondence. . . . Yes, I know. Of course I know. . . . No, he was stuck in the elevator of his building for over a half hour. . . . What? . . . You did? . . . Cocktails with a blonde, eh? Oh, *really!*"

Martha's gray eyes sought their reflection in the mirror over the table in the hall.

Then she was acutely conscious of a pause in Claire Crowell's voice, and prodded herself to answer quickly.

"Well, I guess I'll have to turn my man over my knee and spank him, that's what! I hope he has a good story. Probably it will turn out no more serious than some school friend's daughter he was trying to be nice to." Laughter. "Tomorrow? Well, no, dear, I don't think I can. I promised to take Gloria shopping for her fall coat. . . . Certainly, darling. I'll call you soon. 'By.'"

Martha hung up and went slowly into her living room. *Andy having cocktails with a blonde!* Thank heaven she thought of that school-friend's-daughter gag. It might be, at that. . . . Of course it was something like that. Andy was a good man, a good husband.

Slowly she fixed herself another highball.

Certainly Andy hadn't lied about the elevator. Andy wasn't a man who would think up an insanely elaborate lie like that. Besides, it was easy to check on. Not that Martha would stoop to checking on her husband. But women do. Perhaps women are driven to it. . . .

How ridiculous! How idiotic to think such thoughts about Andy! Dear sweet Andy, he had never looked at another woman. Well, he had never *more* than looked. . . .

But what if the day ever came? What? Just what? Andy was strong and vigorous despite his overwork. He was handsome and interesting. And he wasn't blind to beauty in women. Andy was only thirty-eight, going on thirty-nine. A year younger than his wife! Suppose! Just suppose it *had* happened. What—would—she—do?

Her hands pushed back her hair with a hysterical gesture. She picked up her highball and drained it. Then she flung the glass in the fireplace.

It broke beautifully. And in that moment Martha knew what she would do. She would fight.

JUST meeting him at the station was disarming to Martha. Kissing him and feeling his familiar kisses. She almost clutched him to her.

She certainly wasn't going to start anything. . . . Smarter, anyway, to see what he said.

He seemed tired, yet unusually high-spirited; or was she imagining things? Andy was always good-natured.

Out of long habit they made egg sandwiches in the kitchen. He ate automatically as he explained, giving the whole detailed story of his experiences. . . .

"This girl who was in the elevator with me had worked late too. Name's Snow. Miss Snow. And when I lit her a cigarette and handed it to her she said she was terribly hungry. You know—those working girls don't eat any too regularly, I suppose. So naturally, when we were finally released, naturally I took her and fed her."

"Naturally," laughed Martha, somewhat savagely.

She felt a murderous anger well in her. Wasn't Andy going to tell her the girl was a blonde, young, "some trick number," as Claire had put it?

"She was starved and so was I," Andy continued nonchalantly. "Boy, did I pack away a steak!"

Martha gulped. She parted her lips to speak and prayed for strength to control herself. She wanted to rage—but why make a scene? Don't, Martha, *don't!* You can see for yourself this fine steak party with a trick blonde in the most expensive restaurant in town was a circumstantial incident—not any planned rendezvous. . . .

"You—" she began, voice edged and ragged.

"What, dear?"

"Don't, Martha, for heaven's sake. . . ."

"You make me hungry," she managed, and tilted her

head cutely—roguishly. "Here goes the waistline. I'm going to have a sandwich too."

"Good girl," he approved, and patted her shoulder.

ANDREW LANE sat before his big office desk and signed letters. All day, by supreme self-mastery, he had kept his mind on his work. Partially because he loved his work. Which was a lie. He used to love his work. He hated what his work had become. The incessant fights; the endless battle with the new laws that were being thrust on business men from all sides; the resentment of harboring three income-tax experts in his office for the last two weeks and giving them full run of his books; the meeting of repeal's setback by introducing his beloved Spruce Ale as a mixer. A mixer for liquor! And its success had been immediate, sensational.

He'd be wealthy eventually, of course. He'd be worn out too, but he'd have money enough in the end to do anything he wished. Travel. . . . *Anything.*

But there wasn't much Andrew Lane wanted to do.

Except to see Perry Snow. He wanted to see Perry so terribly that the need had been torment all day.

He had seen her twice since that night of the stuck elevator. Perry had written him the next day to thank him for a drink and dinner that had saved her life—and her career. "Being a business woman," she had written, "I always pay my debts. So why can't I save your life and career tomorrow around five thirty with a drink at least, if not a drink and dinner? I'll be at La Pompadour for an end-of-the-day drink myself. Should you think it pleasant . . ."

He had gone. And reveled in a quick drink—and the sight of her in a silly lynx coat and a tilted hat with a three-foot feather—before catching the six twenty-three.

The next time he had seen her was quite by accident. Or was it, on sober flattering thought? He had mentioned his usual luncheon spot. And there she was. It seemed she had just left Decant Furriers, and had dropped in. He had joined her. And she had shown him the proofs of her pictures which Decant had accepted. Fine pictures, too. He had made inquiries about her then, and was strangely pleased to learn of her fame, her success, and her top prices.

Andrew Lane finished the last of the letters and pushed back his glasses to his hairline.

"Mrs. Lane's birthday will be in about eight weeks," his secretary reminded him. "Shall we order that monogrammed glass set ahead?"

"Yes. Thank you."

"And your advertising manager has been anxious to come out to your home for a week-end for at least two months. He has some idea of a new campaign. Of using famous women. Getting the feminine enthusiasm for Spruce Ale. . . . Not a bad idea, Mr. Lane. After all, women do spend the money in this nation, and . . ."

Lane wasn't listening. Famous women endorsing Spruce Ale! That would mean pictures. An advertising campaign featuring pictures of famous women.

He smiled up at his secretary.

"Interesting idea. We'll do it this week-end. You arrange for it. And, by the way, get me Eldorado 5-01244 on the wire, will you?"

And so, three minutes later, Andrew Lane was talking on the phone to Perry Snow. Purely business. To explain a possible idea of an advertising campaign.

"That sounds choice!" Perry's voice was unlike any woman's he had ever known, and it did something to him. "Why don't you drop over to my apartment right now, and tell me about it?"

He hung up, elated that he had said yes. The girl had a singular trick of making him feel fresh and vigorous. He had been a long while going stale, come to think of it . . . like a flat drink.

He stood up, grinning softly to himself. There was a lot of carbonation left in the old bottle yet. . . .

Is Perry Snow deliberately trying to break up Andrew Lane's home? And what can Martha do about her husband's growing interest in a younger woman? Follow this brilliant, daring novel of a storm-tossed marriage and a man's desires. Read next week's Liberty.

LADY WITH

WINGS

THE LIFE STORY OF MY WIFE, **AMELIA EARHART** BY GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Hilton Railey's phone call to AE was his response to an inquiry from Mr. Putnam, who had been commissioned to find, for Mrs. Frederick Guest, a suitable young woman to fly the Atlantic as a passenger. AE was interviewed and was chosen. Legend to the contrary notwithstanding, Mr. Putnam made it clear last week that the circumstance that, at times, she looked more or less like Lindbergh had nothing to do with the choice. Though a passenger, she was given full command of the projected flight. After a long wait for weather, the plane Friendship left Boston for Trepassey, Newfoundland.

Meanwhile Mabel Boll, "the Diamond Queen," had decided to be the first woman to fly the Atlantic. She picked up a plane, and put personal pressure upon a pilot whom she knew well; he happened to be Wilmer Stultz, who was the Friendship's pilot, although that fact was then being kept secret. Stultz's dilemma tormented him. He stuck to the Friendship, as Commander Byrd advised; but at Trepassey, during another long wait, he soothed his strained nerves by drinking. AE, in command and responsible, kept her quandary to herself. Should she wire for a reserve pilot? Or take a life-or-death chance on Stultz's condition? Mabel Boll was now in Newfoundland. When at last a go-ahead weather forecast came, AE made her decision. Telling a none too steady Stultz, "It's now or never! We're taking off!" she led him to the harbor and the Friendship.

PART THREE—THE PRICE OF FAME

THEY climbed aboard. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning. In the crowded cabin, AE anxiously studied the Friendship's pilot. Little spots of red still burned in the center of his cheeks; the muscles of his jaw made a tense, tight line. She was gambling on his flying instinct—which was so sure, so complete—to bring them through.

He gunned the Friendship and they began to taxi downwind toward the take-off point. And suddenly

Now an exciting, intimate chronicle reveals at last all the facts about a famous flight and its aftermath

A policeman came out in a little boat. His face was smiling. "Do you be wantin' something?"

AE wondered whether she had made a poor gamble. For they were taxiing at mad speed. The plane rocked and staggered. Water broke in an angry spray over the outboard motors. If it found its way into these, their lot might be disaster the moment they got into the air.

They reached the end of the harbor without mishap. Stultz pulled the ship around into the wind, preparatory to taking off. He gave her the gun.

Over his shoulder, AE glued her eyes to the air-speed indicator. A forward speed of more than fifty miles an hour must be attained before the Friendship would have sufficient lift to pull off the water and take to the air.

Stultz fed her throttle, and she roared, lurching a bit, into the wind. Thirty miles an hour! Thirty-five! Forty! A long pause. Forty-five!

AE saw then that they wouldn't make it. They were nearing open water. They had to take off before they hit that. And they wouldn't.

Stultz saw it, too. He cut the throttle, wheeled her around, and taxied her back to her downwind starting place. Again he sent her roaring into the wind. The needle seemed to crawl.

Thirty. Thirty-five. Forty. It jumped. Fifty! Fifty-five. Sixty!

AE knew by the feel of the ship that they were off the water. And then they were aloft, roaring eastward toward the lonely vastness of a great ocean and a dark night.

As the Friendship gained comforting altitude and its pilot settled down to the job ahead, she began making a mental check-up of the things they had brought with them. These things were not many, for they had been jealous of every ounce of weight. AE carried no extra clothing. She was wearing her battered flying clothes—brown broadcloth riding breeks, a white silk blouse made childishly dashing by a red necktie, high laced boots, and a comfortable leather flying coat. For extra warmth, underneath, a worn brown sweater. Her only touch of elegance lay in one of two scarfs, brown and white silk.

Her toilet articles? A toothbrush and comb!

She had taken along a light flying helmet, with goggles, and she had made one concession for warmth—a fur-lined flying suit, loaned her just before leaving Boston by her friend Major Charles Wooley.

She made an inventory of these things now. Her questing hands suddenly came upon something unexpected.

A bottle! Smuggled aboard!

There was a trap door in the bottom of the fuselage, and her first instinctive impulse was to drop the bottle through it. But if she did that, what might be the effect on the pilot if he should come aft to get it? AE knew perfectly well that nothing must be allowed to interfere with his concentration; nothing must relax the tense muscles of the jaw at which she cast so many anxious glances.

The moment might come, she realized, when to keep going he *must* have the contents of that bottle.

And so, finally, she let it remain where she had come across it. Long afterward she was to tell me that she considered that first hour of their flight the most dangerous of her life.

All of which takes nothing from Stultz as a flyer. It constitutes a hitherto unrevealed explanation of why Amelia Earhart did not handle the controls during this Atlantic flight. She never discussed this matter. Nor did she ever feel in the least aggrieved that she had no chance to take the controls.

And so they flew on—entirely by instrument now—toward Southampton. Dawn came up, and they dropped down out of the clouds for a look at nothing but water. Their radio was no longer working.

The last hour of an ocean flight is always the hardest. They saw land now, again and again. And almost as soon as they sighted it, it would change into clouds. Mirage!

They sighted a ship and circled it, hoping to get a bearing from it. They wrote a note, dropped it in a bag, with an orange for a weight. It missed its target and plunged into the ocean, and they had too little gas left to try again.

An hour's gas supply was left them. They cut desperately back on to their course. Soon they saw land, and this time it loomed real.

It was raining as they dropped thankfully down on to the bay. They could see smoke from factory stacks. There were houses. A few cattle. And three men working on a railroad track at the base of a hill.

They waved to the men—who looked at the plane, and then, shaking their heads, went back to work.

They shouted to several others for a boat. AE waved a white towel. A man on shore

playfully took off his hat, waved it, put it on again, and went on about his business. It was nearly an hour later that a policeman came in a little boat. His ruddy face was smiling.

"Do you be wantin' something?"

"We've come from America," they told him. "Where are we? What place is this?"

"Have ye, now?" AE sensed a tone of indulgence reserved by mature persons for children and the very foolish. "Well, we wish ye welcome, I'm sure, to Burryport, Wales."

He splashed away to make arrangements, and eventually the Burryport officials got the three flyers off their plane and into Fricker's Metal Company factory.

Before they left the Friendship, AE opened the trap door and dropped into the Irish Sea—a bottle. The bottle that Bill Stultz had never come aft to get; had never so much as asked about.

The wife of the factory foreman came running with a cup of tea. AE made mild apology for her appearance. "Women planning to fly," she said, "ought not to think they have to look so frumpy." Later she was to return the fur-lined flying suit to Major Wooley. He found that she had scribbled on it: "Tested and found suitable for flying the Atlantic. AMELIA EARHART."

AE'S glimpse of Burryport was her first glimpse of another continent. She sent two cables. One was to her mother; the other to Denison House in Boston. Each said the same simple thing:

"Love. AMELIA."

She told me later—and I am convinced she was quite honest about it—that she had never imagined her Atlantic crossing would touch off any furor. But an excited world had other plans.

Hilton Railey arrived that evening, trailed by London reporters. The next morning the party flew out from Burryport for Southampton, where AE had her first glimpse of an English lady mayor, Mrs. Foster Welch, who grasped her hand strongly.

"Well, now," she said, "I'm going out to the States m'self next year and it gives me pleasure to see you here, for when I get out there I'll feel that at least I know some one!"



Lou Gordon, "AE," and Stultz, just arrived in Southampton.

Hubert Scott Pain, director of Imperial Airways, had come with Mrs. Pain to Southampton, and presently AE found herself being driven in their yellow Rolls-Royce along the road to London. People returning along that road from the Ascot races leaned out of their cars to see AE. When Winchester Cathedral was pointed out to her, she asked: "Do you think we might stop a minute? I might not come this way again."

She went in, looking a trifle odd in her bulky flying clothes, to see the place where they had buried Canute; where they had crowned Alfred the Great.

They reached the Hyde Park Hotel. Such were the crowds and the excitement that by morning they realized rest would be impossible there. Mrs. Guest made available to AE the seclusion of Park Lane.

Congratulatory messages poured in. To a gracious one from President Coolidge AE replied in part:

"Success entirely due great skill of Mr. Stultz. He was only one mile off course at Valentia after flying blind for 2,246 miles at average speed 113 mph."

AE, who persistently turned credit for the flight to Bill Stultz (where it belonged), was not leaning backward to be generous. She was entirely sincere.

London reporters cornered her. What she said to them was characteristic:

"Perhaps it will take time to get the right perspective on the flight. So, temporarily, I'm going to take my mind off it completely by visiting Toynbee Hall."

She was eager to see that model on which all the organizations for settlement work in America had built their settlement houses. With keen interest she drew from the subwarden, J. St. C. Cathpool, a description of British methods. The discussion was interrupted that she and Lady Astor might be introduced. Said Lady Astor, in blunt and lusty greeting: "I'm not the least bit interested in you because you flew the Atlantic, but I am interested in your social service work."

She was taken, that night, to Aldershot to witness a great military pageant. After that, to the Embassy Club for a party. The next morning she found herself quoted in print as talking like a drugstore cowgirl, with weird words put into her mouth to make her sound quite American. Her trip across the Atlantic by air was criticized in one London journal as "a ridiculous way to cross."

IN short, she became famous—and a target.

A Scottish writer, however, wrote with cheery enthusiasm: "Miss Earhart's triumph is a complete answer to the critics who say that women are unsuited to professional flying. It should silence them for good."

AE found herself in an understandably bewildering position. Letters and telegrams came in a deluge. Invitations which must be accepted or refused—but never ignored. Letters, kind and not so kind.

She was a gallant pioneer; the world was grateful. She was a foolhardy nitwit; she should behave herself.

The women's section of the Air League of the British Empire gave her a luncheon at which she met Lady Mary Heath, who had flown from Capetown to London in a little Avian. After that, getting up at five thirty one morning, she stole out of Mrs. Guest's house and took a taxi to Croydon, where she had permission to go up in Lady Heath's little Moth plane. An English pilot went with her. She was so delighted with the plane that she said:

"Do you suppose Lady Heath would sell? I'm going to make her an offer, anyway."

When she and the crew of the Friendship boarded the steamship President Roosevelt for America on June 28, Lady Heath's little Avian went with them.

Captain of the President Roosevelt was Harry Manning. An understanding person, he realized that this girl had spent ten frenzied days abroad; faced days in America even more frenzied. Considerately, he staked out a top deck for her, saw that she was left to herself.

Years later, he was to participate with AE in the first stage of her final round-the-world flight.

She returned to America wearing her fame lightly. A source of income came through lecturing. She was, at the outset, a diffident speaker. Soon, however, few women, if any, surpassed her in platform dexterity and

charm. Her success was steadily progressive, until it reached the point where she could accept less than half the offers of engagements that came in.

Not everything went along so swimmingly in that busy year of 1928. There was the incident of the endorsement.

Commander Byrd was in the midst of raising funds for his first South Polar expedition. AE, understandably, wished to make a contribution to the man who had helped her. Around this time George Bye, a friend of mine, telephoned to relay an offer of \$1,000 if AE would give an endorsement of a certain cigarette.

Instinctively she said she couldn't. She didn't smoke, and she didn't care for "endorsing."

The next day the ante had been raised to \$1,500. All they wanted was her testimony that that brand had been used by the Friendship crew. And it had.

"All right," she said. "If they'll be absolutely sure to say the cigarettes were used by the crew. I want the fifteen hundred bucks to give to Dick."

She received the check and sent it to Byrd, telling him she had endorsed a brand of cigarettes carried by the men in the Friendship in order to make possible her contribution "to help you reach the South Pole."

Around this time the editor of McCall's had approached her with a proposal that she write some articles on women in aviation; become associated with the magazine. Enthusiastically Amelia had accepted.

Innocently, we imagined both projects—the cigarette endorsement and her association with McCall's—closed.

THE next day, we left for Chicago with Bill Stultz and Lou Gordon. Arrived there, Bill and Lou were unable to participate in an incidental parade. AE said flatly that she wouldn't go in any car alone for such a show. Reed Landis, World War flying ace, and I perched ourselves on the back of the tonneau on either side of her, pinch-hitting for Lou and Bill, bowing politely, signing countless autograph books in the names of the gallant aviators we were impersonating. In the circumstances, we hoped the forgery would be forgiven.

We were in Chicago a week, during which the first of the cigarette ads appeared, and the news story of AE's contribution to Byrd. The ad said that a certain cigarette was the brand carried on the Friendship when she crossed the Atlantic. It was signed by Amelia Earhart.

And then the letters began to arrive! Sarcastic letters: "I suppose you drink, too!" Angry letters: "How can you be an example to our youth when you smoke?"

On the desk in my New York office I found a note from the editor of McCall's. Curtly I was informed that the cigarette endorsement had canceled AE's usefulness to that magazine. I called the editor's office. He was out. I continued calling. He continued out.

It seems incredible now, but in 1928 tobacco advertising was taboo in nearly every national woman's magazine. AE was disappointed. And both of us were annoyed that she should have been thrown over by such a bland and curious mixture of curtness and sanctity.

Frantically and angrily I called George Bye. He swears, to this day, that when he came to see me I glared at him and shouted with dripping melodrama:

"Would to God I had never met you!"

Bye had his revenge. The next day he phoned to advise me casually that Ray Long wanted Amelia to become an associate editor of *Cosmopolitan*. And then the incredible happened. McCall's, distressed by AE's endorsement, was even more distressed that she should consider joining a competitor. They indicated that their interest in making a deal with her still burned brightly.

"I'm for signing with Ray Long," AE decided. "I like McCall's, but . . ."

Her relationship with *Cosmopolitan* turned out to be a thoroughly satisfactory one.

In the years ahead, she never smoked—except once. One night she said, "Why shouldn't I smoke if I want to?" So she took not one but three cigarettes, put them all between her lips, and puffed furiously and inexpertly and without enjoyment. When they were stubs, she hurled them into the fireplace.

"There!" she said rebelliously. "I smoked. And if you really want to know, I probably never will again."

Looking at her serious face—it actually seemed a bit green—I was sure that she wouldn't.

She was, by this time, crossing the continent in the little Avro Avian, lecturing, writing—a book, 20 Hours and 40 Minutes, and her articles for Cosmopolitan; attending to numerous other odds and ends. Her correspondence taxed both herself and a perfect secretary.

She entered the 1928 Woman's Air Derby from California to Cleveland. She had obtained a red Lockheed. The Derby was won by Louise Thaden, with Gladys O'Donnell second and AE third. In a way, that meet marked the coming of age of American women pilots.

In 1929 AE was with Transcontinental Air Transport (now T. W. A.). Her connection with that company marked the beginning of a satisfactory working relationship with two other members of T. A. T.—Gene Vidal, later to be appointed Director of Aeronautics for the Department of Commerce, and Paul "Dog" Collins. Later she became a vice-president of Boston-Maine Airways, of which Collins was president. Townsend and Nicholas Ludington provided Vidal and Collins with capital for what became "the Ludington Line," in which AE had her first taste of vice-presiding.

In 1931 AE and I were married. Our desk calendars were so full of pressing appointments that there was no time for a trip. Reporters descended upon us at once. If they expected AE to produce a schedule—so much time for marriage, so much for flying—they were disappointed.

"As a sex," she said, "women seem to regard matrimony as a highly honorable retreat from business failure. They think they are after freedom, but what I'm afraid they want is lack of responsibility." She also said—and truthfully: "Mr. Putnam thinks idleness is the greatest curse of married women."

CERTAINLY, for her, marriage was no retreat. When she or I or both of us weren't going round the country on business, we divided our time between a small hotel apartment in New York and the house at Rye. AE saw to it that her household was run efficiently, took a lively interest in her garden, but became a slave to neither.

"Ours is a reasonable and contented partnership," she would say—when pressed. "My husband has his solo jobs, and I mine; but the system of dual control works satisfactorily and our work and our play is a great deal together." It was. And it worked well.

She was a Lucy Stoner only by remote control. She had a kind of flat conviction that she should continue as a matter of course to be called by her own name. In this I sided with her completely. I cannot remember introducing her, even once, as Mrs. Putnam.

Her correspondence was enormous. She had, I recall, two files, one labeled "Bunk," the other, "Cousins." Innumerable messages came from perfect strangers who claimed relationship. They usually began: "I see you are to be in ——. I am your cousin. Won't you dine with us before the lecture?"

Into the "Bunk" file she put the cream of the songs and poems written about her, the more lush, extravagant praise. Perhaps she kept them as a private warning never to let any of it turn her head. I recall a telegram received from the mayor of a great city:

"Welcome, thrice welcome, grand Lady of the Air, crowned glory of earth's womanhood."

She turned it over to her secretary with instructions:

"Show this to GP so he may appreciate me."

Before our marriage, the attorney who handled my personal affairs cautioned me: "It may not be easy to be married to a public character." Afterward, AE took delight in raising his blood pressure by calling herself "your client's public-character wife."

In the spring of 1931, shortly after our marriage, there was so much talk about the autogiro that she decided to put up with the disparagement of the statement that a giro was "safe enough for a woman to handle," and to see for herself just what one would do. She appeared at Pitcairn Field in Willow Grove, Pennsylvania, where she hoped to ascend to 20,000 feet or so. At about 18,500 feet the engine was going strong, but she had

been blown well east of the test area and her gasoline was low. Her altitude record for autogiros—18,415 feet—made April 8, 1931, still stands.

She decided to make a coast-to-coast trip in leisurely hops. She started out from Newark on May 29, and landed at Oakland on June 6—the first woman to cross the continent in an autogiro.

On June 12, in Abilene, Texas, she crashed during a take-off. There was calamity howling, sarcasm. Amelia Earhart had cracked up the nearest thing to foolproof aircraft. The Department of Commerce would reprimand her, was the instantaneous report.

It was two weeks before the reprimand was delivered to her. She had "been careless and used bad judgment."

"We'd have made it but for the crowd," was her level-headed reply. "The air just went out from under me at thirty or fifty feet up. . . . We might have made it anyway, but I was afraid a child might run out or we might hit a car. Both crowds and automobiles were parked too closely infield. I did what I thought was best."

In Detroit, on September 12, 1931, a landing strut gave way on her giro, and I—who was not even in it—suffered the only serious injury which ever befell me in aviation. I had been tagging along with her on an advertising tour that she had undertaken for the flying experience. At the State Fair Grounds a group of us were chatting beside the oval where the giro would land. Near by were stands strengthened by guy wires.

"There she comes!" some one remarked.

I looked over my shoulder, saw the ship settling in an almost vertical, perfectly routine descent. So I went on with my conversation. Suddenly behind me there was a crash. I swung around to see the giro, its rotors splintered, disappear in what seemed to be smoke.

I vaulted the rail, raced for the wreck. Fear pinched my heels. I've never run so fast. And then a guy wire caught my ankles. I did a complete outside loop, up into the air and over, landing full on my back.

I remember dazedly looking up to see, thankfully, AE emerge from the dust (it wasn't smoke) and wave her hands. Then she saw me and came running over. She had not had a scratch.

"You see," she smiled at me, "flying is safest, after all. Had you been with me, you wouldn't have been hurt."

The giro had become a very thorough wreck. And so had I. They took me off to Harper Hospital and assured me that I had three cracked ribs.

BY 1932 AE owned her second Lockheed Vega. Since her flight in the Friendship she had worked at flying with dogged enthusiasm. She had, by now, probably a thousand more hours of experience in the air, many of them worked out in blind flight. She studied navigation with serious intensity.

In retrospect, I realize that all of the time I must have been conscious of what was coming—of the thing that, in the back of her mind, she had for so long wanted to do. A thing, daring and dangerous, that no woman ever had done before. I even can recall that we had had vague, casual conversations about it. And that my own tendency had been deliberately to keep away from the subject.

I remember the morning that it happened, at the breakfast table at Rye. Our conversation had been of nothing that concerned flying. We had taken up our morning papers. AE's fine, tapering hands slowly lowered her paper—as though she could find no interest in it just at this moment. Her face was impassive; only a trace of brightness in her gray eyes.

She spoke—and her voice was soft, calm. And I knew suddenly that the inevitable had caught up with us.

I remember still her words. And I remember their shock, their impact; the mingled sensation of a clutch at the heart, the swoop of fear for her, the swift climbing thing akin to elation at her adventurous spirit.

She said only nine words:

"Would you mind if I flew the Atlantic—alone?"

New facts about AE's acquaintance with Lindbergh, and a thrilling inside account of the start of her solo Atlantic flight, beset by storm and fire, are in store for you in next week's installment of Lady with Wings!

THE TIRE THAT HAS BUILT A NEW NATIONAL CONFIDENCE

Sweeping across the country is a wave of new found confidence—that grows bigger every day as more thousands ride on Squeegie-Generals. For the first time, *tires* are part and parcel of the car and of *you*. The way they hold you to the road with sure-footed grip; the way they “bank” curves, without whine or screech; the way they level off rough places and take blows you used to brace yourself for; the smooth, almost effortless *action* when danger or the law says, “stop”; your confident lack of fear of blowouts . . . these give you a priceless *sense of security* that goes far beyond anything you’ve ever experienced from a tire.

Prices are at their lowest levels. Let your General Tire dealer show you how easy it is to change-over your new car—or to put Squeegie-Generals on your present car.

The General Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.

In Canada—

The General Tire & Rubber Co., Ltd., Toronto

COPYRIGHT 1939 THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, O.



For

LONG MILEAGE
QUICK-STOPPING SAFETY
EXTRA STRENGTH
BLOWOUT RESISTANCE
EASY RIDING COMFORT
GREATER ECONOMY
SMART, MODERN STYLE
TOP-QUALITY IN EVERY OUNCE

*You're miles ahead
with* **GENERAL**



LONGER MILEAGE. Road friction wears out treads. Tests show, the more spots and broken up designs, the faster the wear. When running free, General's flexible ribs are *straight*. That means smooth, silent rolling; slow, uniform tread wear; *long mileage!*



BLOWOUT RESISTANCE. Tire engineers test tires for bursting by inflating them with air until they give way. Generals have a bursting resistance of *many times* normal air pressure! For your fast-stepping modern car you *need* this extra strength.

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN
LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

FROM all over the country young folk by the hundreds make hopeful pilgrimage to the American Theater Council for advice about going on the stage. Many are interviewed at Council auditions by Antoinette Perry—one of the very few women to have earned distinction as a director of successful Broadway plays. It occurred to me you might be interested in what she thinks about the youngsters and their chances. I asked her, and this is what she said:

"Seventy-five per cent have their eyes on Hollywood. As a rule, *they* are not the best of the lot. The best are usually among the twenty-five per cent with ambition to act on the real stage. . . . What disqualifies them most often is their inability to speak with as fine a diction and pronunciation as the theater requires. Their schoolteachers could do a great deal to remedy this." . . . Girls and boys from San Francisco average the highest merit for well spoken English, Antoinette Perry says. Lowest rating, she believes, is that of young people from the Middle West. (Her opinions, not mine; so don't you young Middle Westerners start shooting at me!) . . . Clare Boothe's current hit, *Kiss the Boys Goodbye*, was directed by Antoinette Perry, who says:

"Clare and I stalked each other like unacquainted cats before deciding to trust our mutual sincerity—women together on a new job are like that at first."

One of Antoinette Perry's stage appearances was with David Warfield in *The Music Master*.

She also has played opposite Walter Huston.

★ For the Ladies (*Per le Signore*) is the rare old Italian drink—white vermouth—always served at betrothal parties in the Piedmont district.

I've never tasted it or seen it, but have just learned about it from Dr. Julio Blengino, an authority on vermouth lore. To insure secrecy, he told me, a famous vermouth recipe was divided among four cousins, Théophile, Napoléon, Metello, and Lando. Each cousin keeps his part of the recipe in his own private safe. Once a year they put the puzzle together for manufacturing purposes—a complicated task, since the formula lists about one hundred different ingredients, including such exotic items as tonka beans, marshmallow flowers, and dittany. Maybe *that* will give you a notion of what you're working with when you mix vermouth in a cocktail! . . . Vermouth is said to be directly descended from the ancient Roman tippie, *vinum aromaticum* (aromatic wine). Nobody knows,



"This is the wrong number I got the other night."

however—not even Dr. Blengino—where the word *vermouth* actually comes from. Perhaps some scholarly reader can solve the mystery.

☆ To shake off a spring cold, doctors now say you should coddle yourself at home in warmth and comfort. Smartest new house robes are of old-fashioned red flannel, double-breasted, with great big mother-of-pearl buttons. Read light fiction; eat light but nourishing meals. Detective stories are prescribed, and hot tomato juice or consommé with a raw egg stirred up in it. Have numerous pillows of different sizes, so you can change them as often as fretfulness demands. Stay home like a good girl. Don'd go oud doo quig!

★. Enjoyed the new novel, *Charity Patient*, by Henry and Sylvia Lieferant. It tells what heart-mending a fashionable surgeon and his wife must achieve when his female cases insist upon falling in love with him. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.)

☆ A young gentleman from Mexico, visiting here for the first time, bewildered New York beauties by taking snapshots of them, then handing out nickels. Suspiciously they shunned the coins; demanded explanation; threatened to have him arrested. They didn't get any explanation, because he couldn't speak enough English. His misadventure was becoming serious when along happened some one who spoke Spanish. . . . "Home in Mexico," wailed the troubled traveler, "our pretty girls beg to be paid for letting tourists take their pictures on the street. I thought it would be nicer to volunteer the money; but your pretty girls call the police. I do not understand." . . . Poor caballero! He'll have problems aplenty before he *understands* American girls.

☆ Nature has harmonized the flavors of chicken and olives, tomatoes and rice. They blend perfectly in this recipe for *Monte Carlo Chicken*. . . . Slice 2 small onions and brown lightly in butter. Add 2 cups canned tomatoes, 1 bay leaf, 1 tablespoon chopped celery. Simmer about 20 minutes. Make a thickening of 2 tablespoons melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup consommé, 1 tablespoon flour.

Combine with tomato and onion; season with salt, pepper, paprika, and a little sugar; cook 10 minutes more. Now put in 2 cups diced cooked chicken and 8 olives, pitted and quartered. Serve on hot rice cakes prepared as follows: Mix 1 beaten egg with 2 cups cooked rice, salt, pepper, and a dash of nutmeg. Shape into flat cakes and fry golden crisp. . . . Crabapple jelly on the side.

80% LESS EFFORT
and a much higher degree of safety with
CHEVROLET'S EXCLUSIVE VACUUM GEARSHIFT*



**ONLY CHEVROLET
 GIVES SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE**

*EXCLUSIVE VACUUM GEARSHIFT (Available on all models at slight extra cost) • NEW AERO-STREAM STYLING, NEW BODIES BY FISHER • NEW LONGER RIDING-BASE • CHEVROLET'S FAMOUS VALVE-IN-HEAD SIX • PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES • NEW "OBSERVATION CAR" VISIBILITY • PERFECTED KNEE-ACTION RIDING SYSTEM with Improved Shockproof Steering (Available on Master De Luxe models only) • TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH



THE MASTER DE LUXE
 FOUR-PASSENGER COUPE



It enables you to shift gears with a flick of a finger, with only a small part of the effort formerly required, and with hand always safely close to the steering wheel.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

General Motors Instalment Plan—convenient, economical monthly payments. A General Motors Value.

**"CHEVROLET'S
 the Choice!"**

NEVER AGAIN ALONE

Adventure! A tingling tale
of two hearts that laughed
in the face of death—and
found the way to happiness

BY
RUTH HAMILTON

ILLUSTRATED BY RICO TOMASO

READING TIME
24 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

She burst into sobs of
relief and flung her
arms around his knees.



"HAVE eaten bitterness too long," said Robert Morrison Morris. "Ai-yah! I am twenty-eight today, and what have I got?" And the vista of his life, unadorned by romance, uncolored by sin, unrewarded by fame, ungilded by anything except his sixty dollars a month, stretched before him a dismal, empty thing.

His career? He was the physics instructor in the Woh Ch'ung College beside the Tin-Ts'ung River, in the Province of Kwangtung. The English name of the college was the Seat of Mutual Harmony, while the river was the Stream of Heavenly Enlightenment; but from the unresponsive faces in his classrooms and the astonishing answers on his examination papers, it seemed to Robert that he contributed very little to the Mutual Harmony and shed no Heavenly Enlightenment at all.

"An individualistic and philosophical race," said Robert. "Who am I to cram down their throats doctrines of efficiency and laws of mechanics?"

His home? As an unmarried instructor, he had been placed in charge of a dormitory, and this not even in the Upper College but in the uproarious teeming Middle School, among boys of fourteen to eighteen years, where echoes bounced from the concrete balconies, feet pounded up iron stairs, firecrackers exploded on every festival, and dialects from Swatow, Macao, Hong Kong, and Amoy screamed out the windows.

His rooms? Distempered walls and concrete floors. He had dimmed the lights, smothered the bed with silk pillows, nailed gilded friezes along the walls, and set

incense burning in all the corners. Now he realized with dismay that he had only succeeded in imparting an erotic touch: that out of a barracks he had innocently built a houri's nest. All its soft beguilements mocked him, and he was lonelier than ever.

His meals? He dined at the mess with other bachelor members of the staff. Ants swarmed up joyously into the sugar bowl. The cloth was dirty, the soup pale; the coffee weak, the butter strong; the papayas rotten, the bananas green.

His laundry? "I am the son of a missionary," said Robert, trying to stiffen his spine. "I should bear all discomforts with resignation."

In colleges that receive mission support it is the married who are chosen. Invitations came to him from time to time from the married members of the staff. He entered their cozy cottages; he dined on duck, on mango ice cream. After dinner he relaxed before their fires, heartened by their conjugal content. He watched their salaries grow not in proportion to their merit but to the young they produced, so that the best paid man on the campus was the professor of chemistry, whose only successful experiments were represented by his eight children. And as for their laundry—

Cleanliness was next to godliness; and being an earnest young man, he saw, in each Monday washing that fluttered inside the walled back gardens of his friends, an expression of man's constant endeavor to reach perfection. The in-

nocent intimacy of the garments entranced him: the stalwart pajama of the male protecting the fragile nightgown of the female, in the shadow of whose folds danced in turn all the little pants and shirts of the fledglings down to the guileless square of infancy.

"While as for me," he moaned, "my laundry . . ." And even as he spoke there came a knock at the door and his amah appeared before him. She bore the washing in her arms.

"Ho kon seng," she grinned toothlessly. "Very clean, very nice," and withdrew.

All was as usual. She had lost his collars, starched his pajamas, boiled his socks. An army of mildew marched across the bosom of his one dress shirt. He rose. Better throw up his job than struggle any longer against discomfort and despair. But first there was one hope, one path he had not tried. And, kicking the laundry across the room, he caught up his sun helmet and clattered down the iron stairs.

Mrs. Post, the plump wife of the professor of agriculture, had the happiest disposition and most ample larder on the campus. The South China sun had not yet dulled the pink of her cheeks nor faded her yellow hair, and she made a most comforting picture as she stepped on to her porch at five o'clock on this afternoon, and stopped before the dusty feet of Robert Morrison Morris.

He rose in confusion from a wicker chair.

"Mr. Morris! How nice! I didn't know I had a caller. I came out to look for the mail."

"There is no mail today. The river boats have been delayed."

"That's very strange. But no matter. A caller is nicer than mail. I'm sorry I didn't hear you ring."

He blushed humbly. "As a matter of fact I didn't ring. I was getting up my courage. Seven ladies of the campus have already turned me down."

"What did you ask them for?"

He swallowed. "I asked them to take me in as a boarder. I am very lonely, and—well, the dormitory makes a rather lousy home, Mrs. Post."

She nodded with sympathy. "Whom did you ask?"

HE told her. His first visit had been to Mrs. Tuttle, wife of the professor of chemistry, and he had drawn from her a startled refusal on the grounds of the impending completion of a ninth experiment. Blushing from this encounter, he withdrew hastily to the childless abode of the Lynns of the history department, who loved to entertain but whose spare bedroom, he learned, was reserved for the use of campus guests. The Smiths of the art department had trembled at the mention of a boarder: they were collectors who lived in a fragile world of celadon bowls. And thus from home to home he had wandered until he had found himself before this door whose hospitality he had been almost too humble to try.

"You know I love company," Mrs. Post said. "But my sister is coming. On the Empress of Australia. She must already have reached Shanghai."

And she launched into a description of this intruding relative—some spinster, he gathered, who, weary of ten years of teaching school, was coming to China to rest—and occupy the guest room.

She begged him to remain for dinner; but her comely person, her succulent description of the menu, aroused such a ferment of misery and unrest in Robert's heart that if he had not fled he might have overturned the Seat of Mutual Harmony and coveted the wife of the professor of agriculture. Safe in the cool shade of a lime tree in the garden, he regained some composure.

Two youths came quietly through the trees, making for the river and the six-o'clock launch. They were the two Japanese students of the college, but instead of the smart dark kimonos they habitually wore, they were dressed in ill-fitting Chinese clothes.

"You are taking a jaunt to the city?" he inquired pleasantly.

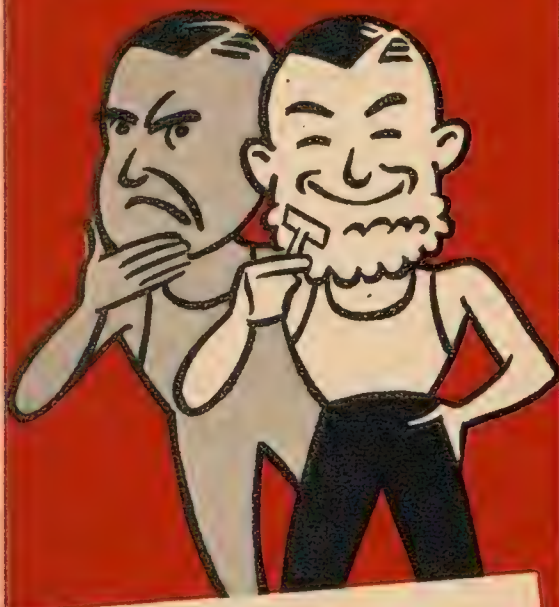
They started, stopped, and bowed with sad politeness. "We are taking a jaunt to Japan," replied Mr. Ikeda.

"Our families," explained Mr. Noguchi, "remove themselves from China to Japan."

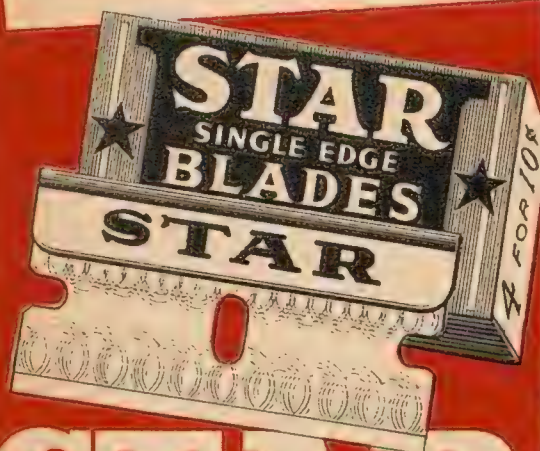
"Very suddenly," added Mr. Ikeda, and bowed again.



**FROM
SCRAPPY
TO
HAPPY
in one shave!**



★ Don't scrape yourself into a daily dither! Switch to Star Blades and enjoy smooth, clean shaves! Famous since 1880, Star Single Edge Blades are extra keen, uniform and truly economical! 4 for 10¢!



STAR
Blades
FOR ALL GEM AND
EVER-READY RAZORS

**4 FOR
10¢**

PASTE ON 1c POSTAL—MAIL TODAY

Star Blade Division, Dept. LS2
Jay & Johnson Sts., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Please send FREE Star Single-edge Blade to

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

"Sayonara, Mr. Morris," he said. "Good-by."

"Sayonara," put in Mr. Noguchi, and, bowing likewise, hastened after his companion.

A sharp mistrust assailed Robert. Newspapers? Mail? There had been none that morning; the boats had been delayed.

As he hesitated, his name was called and Mrs. Post came hurrying into the garden, a paper in her hand. "A radiogram, Mr. Morris, from my sister. There is terrible news from the north."

He took the paper. The petty discomforts of living and laundry fled like gnats before a tornado. The long dreaded war had come.

THE heart of the city lay across the river, but it had spread over both banks and the college was well within its outer limits. Because this city was smaller than Shanghai and less important than Nanking there were hopes that it might be spared; but month by month the war came snarling closer, and by November it was feared to be doomed. The college became circled with a constant curl of dust kicked up by troops from Yunnan and Canton marching past in single file. The students, accompanied by frantic parents, departed daily.

The staff, however, remained calm, as befitted the descendants of missionaries. Mrs. Post gave dinner parties to use up her choice provisions, and cabled her sister to proceed to their cousins' mission in Kow Lung Kong.

It was a golden morning when the American gunboat came, efficient and alien upon the Stream of Heavenly Enlightenment. The consul strode up the path from the wharf and spoke briefly with the president. From the new Japanese air base in the north had come increasing rumors of a raid; now radio reports showed that a squadron of bombers had crossed over Swatow. These could reach the city by two o'clock. All foreign residents must take refuge in the Foreign Concession at once and the college must be evacuated by noon that day. The college launches lay at the wharf ready to take off the staff and their possessions. The gunboat stood by, a scowling escort. The college churned.

In the midst of the melee of packing, Robert toiled, more heroically than any one, to save not his own belongings but those of his friends. He stamped on trunk lids, stacked books, held babies. As the last load was being hustled on board and the last bevy of ladies had taken their seats, he announced his intention of remaining. Some member of the foreign staff, some bachelor, should stay, he declared, to prevent looting.

When the launches had faded into the distance, a great stillness fell upon the gentle countryside. The Seat of Mutual Harmony waited patiently by the water for the machines of the Western World, and Robert Morrison Morris waited rather gulping for death.

He was master of all he surveyed. Even the servants had fled—not that they would be safer in the villages, but that there at least they might perish with their families. He moved toward the buildings, picking up here a glove, there a toy lost in flight. He closed windows, pulled down *chuck lims* to save the carpets from the sun, locked doors.

As he approached the dormitory, at the east gate of the campus he saw two bearers hurrying away with an empty sedan chair. Ordered by some Chinese resident, he thought, too panic-stricken to wait for its arrival. The silence of the dormitory was unreal. Every step up the iron stairs seemed to carry him that much farther into a dream. Consequently, when he entered his rooms, what he saw there was less of a shock than it would ordinarily have been. There was a houri in his nest.

She lay in the middle of the silken bed, half hidden by the folds of the mosquito net, sobbing into the peacock-colored pillows—an American houri in a crumpled linen dress and flat-heeled shoes.

Robert Morrison Morris, ordinarily a softly spoken youth, swore.

At his voice the houri screamed and sat up. Seeing that he was an American, she burst into sobs of relief and flung her arms around his knees. There was something excitingly familiar about her. Somewhere he had encountered another presence as charming as this but more mature and less available; another head of yellow hair. And he knew suddenly that here was the sister of the wife of the professor of agriculture. And fumbling desperately for some message of comfort, he stumbled upon the one speech that made her stop crying instantly.

"YOU'RE no old maid," he said. "You've never taught school for ten years."

"Yes, I have. I s-started when I was sixteen."

"Well—well, that's a long time."

He laid her gently back among the pillows. "I'll make you a cup of tea."

"Who are you?"

"The physics instructor. But I can still make tea." To prove his assertion he lit a can of alcohol and placed a kettle over it. "My name is Robert Morrison Morris. Named for the first American missionary to China."

"Where is every one? This place—it's like a city of the dead. And I've traveled so far—I've been so frightened!"

"The college is evacuated." He unlatched a tea basket, removed from it a teapot and twin bowls of Canton ware. "Your sister has gone. She expected you to stay in Kow Lung Kong."

"Kow Lung Kong is in ashes."

"How did you get here? Fly? The mouth of the river has been closed for weeks to foreign ships."

"I sailed up by junk as far as the

Catholic Mission. I left my trunk and came the rest of the way by sedan chair."

"Why did you send the bearers away? You could have gone back with them."

"Have they gone?" She began to tremble. "I didn't know the word for 'wait.' I haven't made any one understand me for days and days!"

He heard himself murmuring, "*Shap fan ho t'ai.*"

"What does that mean?"

"Ten parts beautiful. Completely beautiful. I mean—Here, drink your tea. And don't worry. I'll get you to the Concession somehow—the Foreign Concession beyond the city. I'll go and find a sampan."

"Don't you leave me!" She seized his coat in a desperate grip. Her breath on his cheek was as sweet as "nail incense"—as the fragrance of cloves. "Don't you dare to leave me!"

The bowl of tea shook in his hands. An unaccustomed feeling began to seep through him, very much like an infusion of tea itself.

He sat down beside her, patted her trembling fingers, and coaxed the bowl into them. "I won't leave you. Not unless you want me to. But tell me: out of the whole college, how did you find my room?"

She pointed to a blackwood stand. A small bronze dog stood there, grinning, its tail pluming over its back. Smoke was curling gently from its nostrils. Robert had left the incense burning.

"I smelled your incense from outside. I followed it here."

The dog continued to grin while they sipped their tea.

"I feel better," she said after the third bowl. She even smiled. "I was so tired."

The time was now half past twelve. The Foreign Concession lay upriver, past the center of the city. With the tide running in, they could reach it by sampan in less than two hours. If the tide ran out they could not make it before the impending raid, but they might get within hailing distance of the gunboats. At any rate, the river was as safe as the college.

He rose, feeling very sensible and stern. "You must be brave. I shall have to leave you for a little while to go and find the sampan. I'll have to follow the river, but you can watch me from the window."

She looked up at him and sighed. "All right. If you must. I'm not as frightened as I was. You'll surely come back?"

"Like a shot."

As he ran down the stairs, she shouted at him over the balcony:

"Have you got about six cakes of soap?"

He stopped. "I think so. Look in my bathroom."

"Thank you, Robert."

A little dazed, he continued along the bank of the river, following a buffalo run. A hundred yards from the compound he found what he sought—a group of boat people huddled in their sampans inside a tidewater canal. The sampans lay silent, beam to beam, and the boat people eyed him with alarm, having supposed themselves hidden by the banks and the litchi trees.

"Who will take me up the river? To the Foreign Concession? Past the great city? I can pay well."

Up the river? The foreigner must be mad.

"Ten dollars in local silver."

Such wealth was unheard-of. But still . . . "*Ho kwai,*" said an old woman, laughing. "It is very expensive to die for ten dollars."

"Look here," said Robert. "I will buy it. Will you sell me a sampan for fifteen dollars? Twenty?" And he took from his pocket a sheaf of Hong Kong notes that he had saved toward his vacation. The bargaining began, and presently Robert had become the owner and captain of a twenty-foot craft. Its hull was painted with bright designs, its seats were lined with matting. Its kitchen was a tiny clay stove called a *fung lo*, and its roof, made from overlapping mats, was adorned with a long bamboo pole and with a fine spray of flowering shrub to charm the spirits that fly overhead. Its motive power consisted of two oars and a sweep, and Robert had grave doubts as to his ability to make it go. However, he man-

Pleasure Bound?

**"LIGHT"
IS
RIGHT**

Americans are quick to adopt a smart idea. Most of them find that, in whiskey, "LIGHT" IS RIGHT. You'll agree when you try Schenley's Friendly* Red Label. You'll like its delicate flavor, its softness. It is 90 proof, and "melded" smooth by an exclusive Schenley method. Try this light whiskey. . . you'll stay with it!

**Friendly to your taste.*

For a richer blended whiskey, try Schenley's Black Label. Costs slightly more. 90 proof, 60% grain neutral spirits.

SCHENLEY'S *Light* RED LABEL

SEVENTY PER CENT GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—BLENDED WHISKEY—COPR. 1939. SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.



aged to propel it to the *ma t'au*, where he secured it hastily and hurried back to the dormitory.

"Come in," she answered at his polite knock, and stepping into his rooms, Robert stopped short.

She stood in the door of his bathroom, wrapped in his Chinese dressing gown, her head swathed in a towel, her feet bare. In her arms she carried a wicker basket containing a mound of wet wrung-out clothes.

She laughed at his surprise. "I had been traveling so long I didn't have even a clean slip."

"But . . . Miss . . ."

"Pollard. Pamela Pollard."

"But, Pamela, you haven't washed everything?" he gasped incredulously. "I mean, even your dress?"

"Everything. Why not?"

"But surely . . . You see, we haven't a moment to waste."

She put down the basket and smiled indulgently. "But we needn't go at once. I'm feeling much better. And it's really very peaceful here. Why, all I need is an electric iron."

He moistened his lips. "I wasn't going to tell you; but Japanese bombing planes have been sighted over Swatow. They may be here in an hour. We must go now, while the tide is running in." He took the clothesbasket from her, seized her hand. "Come on."

She broke away. "But you can't leave all this!" She looked at the room, at his possessions arranged with care. "You must save something of your own."

No one in the college had suggested that. A small lump rose in his throat.

"Never mind. My things don't matter. Come!" He started with determination for the stairway, staggering a little under the washing. Behind him he heard her darting about the room. Then she followed. She had the tea things, the silk pillows, and the incense burner.

At the wharf he hesitated. Leave the college unprotected? Well, he could run up the American flag over the boathouse till he returned.

"What a pretty boat! Is it yours, Robert?"

"It is. Can you row? Good. Then I'll take the sweep." He seized it. "Sit down, Pamela."

The washing lay on the floor between them, a thin trickle leaking from it. Facing her, he shoved the sweep as he had seen the boat people do it, forward and back.

"Back-water, Pamela."

The sampan hesitated, turned into the middle of the stream, and began to move majestically up the river.

"High tide," he said, "almost on the turn. 'Let's give it everything we've got.'"

All the river life was still, flattened in terror along the banks. A solitary Chinese scout plane sang overhead. On their right the city began to emerge—mat sheds, tiled roofs, finally office buildings. They were abreast of the bund when the junks, secured along the shore, began to swing out on their moorings.

"The tide's turning already. We've got to do better than this."

From inside the city came a dismal wail. It was repeated near the west gate of the city, and again far north.

"Sirens?" She looked at him with white lips. He nodded.

The last bit of traffic on the bund disappeared. People fled into alleys, crawled under wharves. The scout plane moved north.

"Aren't there any bombproof shelters?"

"A mile back of the bund. We'd never make them. Stick to the river; at least, we're getting somewhere."

"How far from the Concession are we now?"

"About a mile. But the gunboats are anchored outside, and once around the bend we'll be able to see them. I hope they'll know we're Americans." He was thinking that her costume would not help this impression.

"I wish we had an American flag."

The shadow of an idea wavered through his mind, vanished before the necessity of the moment. There was no

time to think, only to work. He ground the sweep, his body jerking back and forth like a pendulum. Sweat poured down his face; the muscles of his back ached and his hands were torn. Boat people, flattened against the wharves, stared openmouthed at the mad *faan kwai* rushing past.

"I can see mudbanks rising out of the river," said Pamela.

"The tide is uncovering them. Be careful or we'll go aground."

Watching for them, she turned toward the south, and so was the first to see the enemy patrol. It came like an arrowhead, speeding out of the southern horizon as if shot by some dreadful and invisible bow. The voices of the sirens continued to rise and fall, but above them the steadily increasing whine of the arrow could be heard: three Japanese planes flying in V formation, twin-motored bombers at an altitude of three thousand feet. They had crossed over the city concealed behind the ceiling of cumulus clouds, overshooting their mark in order to turn and be facing their own territory as they came back. They were in attack position.

The sampan had now reached the bend in the river, ordinarily the commercial center of navigation and bristling with the masts of junks. The crews of these were silent, watching the sky. Around the bend lay the white sea wall of the Concession and beyond that a mass of green trees and white buildings. All were dishearteningly far away. Half a dozen gunboats were anchored outside the white wall, flying the flags of as many nations.

"I guess we look pretty small to them," said Pamela in a low voice.

Robert said nothing, considering. One sampan would never attract a bomber. If he kept it midstream— And then he saw, directly in their path and anchored outside the line of junks, a relic of rusty metal, its hull patched and repatched. The flag of the Chinese Republic flew from its stern and a twenty-pound brass gun gleamed on its forward deck.

"Sheer away!" he yelled. "The biggest target in the whole darn river."

"What is it?"

"The old flagship of Sun Yat-sen."

The enemy patrol had not yet crossed the river. Now it dipped. There was a roar from the left bank and a cloud of black smoke billowed into the air.

"Was that the college?"

"Very close. It might be a hit. They are shelling a barracks."

More clouds of smoke. The machines flattened out and came zooming across the river. Antiaircraft guns barked from half a dozen batteries concealed along the bund. The left point of the arrow passed over the flagship and the universe erupted in a monstrous roar. The sampan rose up as if on the crest of a waterspout and fell back again. It shivered and rocked. Something dropped with a smash across the sweep and jarred it loose in Robert's hands. A violent wind tore at him, and there came a vacuumlike silence, broken by occasional splashes as objects fell into the river about them, and by Pamela's voice saying calmly, "We're on a mudbank."

Blood rolled down into his eye. He had a cut on the top of his head and half his clothes had been torn away. Pamela was spattered with mud; one oar was broken and the other gone. The flagship still floated in spite of a large hole that gaped in her forward deck. It was a chunk of iron, torn from this, that had fallen on the sampan and smashed the sweep. The flowers and some shreds of matting from the roof floated in the river, and so did the basket of clothes, but the sampan itself was intact and now rested neatly in the center of a mudbank.

The planes flew into the northern sky, rising like swallows, and disappeared into the clouds; but the sirens continued to wail.

"More Japanese planes coming," said Robert. "Machine gunners this time, probably. We've got to do something."

(Continued on page 28)



RUTH HAMILTON

born in Boston of a long line of Bostonians, now divides her time between New York City and Connecticut. Attended Montana and California universities and George Pierce Baker's class at Yale. As R. E. Hamilton, she writes Chinese and Western thrillers.

Plymouth Gives You Most for Low Price

**IT'S THE BIGGEST
IN SIZE . IN VALUE .
OF "ALL THREE"**

➡ Plymouth is biggest and roomiest of leading low-priced cars—5 inches longer than one; 6 inches longer than the other.

➡ Every Plymouth model has the big, 82-h. p. "L-head" engine—giving full power *plus* economy.

➡ Plymouth is the only low-priced car with the steering-post gear shift as standard equipment in De Luxe models at *no extra cost*.

➡ The only low-priced car with the matchless ride of coil springs—standard *on all models*.

THE THREE LEADING low-test-priced cars *cost* about the same, but the differences are great!

In size, safety, comfort and performance—in *every* comparison—Plymouth is being pointed out as the year's best buy.

Easy to own...your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...with the balance in low monthly instalments.



STANDARD EQUIPMENT on "De Luxe"—Perfected Remote Control Shifting with Auto-Mesh Transmission.

Special Values in Plymouth Used Cars

Remember that *all* Plymouth cars—new or used—are backed up by the same great engineering. See your Plymouth dealer for big values in used Plymouths.



ALL PLYMOUTH MODELS have time-proven Hydraulic Brakes...rust-proofed Safety-Steel bodies.

COUPES START AT \$645
SEDANS START AT \$685

—**DELIVERED IN DETROIT**, including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on dash, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cu. ft.). Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C. B. S. NETWORK, THURS., 9-10 P. M., E. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"



(Continued from page 26) "Could we signal the gunboats?" Pamela suggested.

They stared at each other. They were dirty and disheveled. Her yellow hair was plastered with mud. At a distance of twenty yards who could say whether they were Americans, Chinese, or Africans? And then the thought that had flitted ghostlike through Robert's mind took shape. He slipped over the side of the sampan.

She was at the rail instantly. "What are you going to do?"

"Swim after that basket of clothes. I need it."

"But it's going downriver with the tide. You can't catch it. And you're hurt. You'll die! Don't leave me."

"Good-by, Pamela. You're sweet."

"Don't go. You'll be drowned. Don't dare leave me! . . . Well, good-by, Robert."

He was floundering in a sea of mud. He reached deeper water and swam. The basket turned around in the eddies, shot straight ahead in the current, hit a mudbank, twisted, turned. He wiped blood from his eyes. His head tormented him. There was a droning in his ears. He thought this meant that he was losing consciousness, then realized that the sound came from planes. The sky was full of combat planes, Chinese and Japanese. He touched the lip of the basket, caught it, found shallow water, and struggled back. He fought upstream, and at last there was Pamela leaning over the side of the sampan and taking the basket from his outstretched arms. He fell exhausted across the thwarts.

"Quick!" she said. "Tell me what to do."

"That bamboo pole—get it off the roof. String the clothes out along it—the wet clothes. That's the way. Run the pole through the sleeves of a dress and let it hang down . . . now a slip. . . . That's the Chinese way. They never use clotheslines, clothespins . . . too expensive. . . . They use poles." He was so tired he was babbling. "Chinese clothes are made that way . . . dry 'em along a pole. . . . Funny pants . . . made to stretch along a pole . . . the pole, Pamela . . . wave it! Laundry is the international flag of truce."

She lifted the pole high. The laundry floated on the breeze, as gay and colorful as the harbor rig of a yacht. A small Japanese plane was coming up the river, machine-gunning anything that moved along the bund. They could see the pilot's face as he stared down on them, but between him and the sampan fluttered the brave row of flags, slightly intimate but unmistakably American. Pamela waved to him. He hesitated, took his hand from the lever, waved back, and passed on. Pamela looked at the flags. Her eyes met Robert's and she blushed. And Robert, watching the blush spread across her cheeks, sighed and fell into a comfortable state of unconsciousness.

When he awoke there was a wet silk bandage around his head and he was resting very peacefully upon the silk cushions. The sirens were still and all about him he heard the river coming back to life—the creak of sweeps, the chatter of boat people beginning again like the voices of birds after a thunderstorm. Soon the gunboat would send a tender to take them off the mudbank. Meanwhile . . .

He folded his hands and surveyed it: He had a home. The tea things had been spread out across the seat of the sampan. Pamela had lit the charcoal in the *fung lo* and was blowing it briskly. Water was about to boil. His scene was as domestic as Mrs. Lynn's or Mrs. Smith's or Mrs. Tuttle's and it was his entirely, for he had paid for it with twenty-five dollars in Hong Kong money. Over it all there flapped his house flag—the laundry, the symbol of everything that was brave and sound and wholesome in married life.

Suddenly he began to laugh. He threw his head back and laughed until the sampan trembled, and as he did so the months and years of loneliness raveled out and dissolved into the blue. All his life he had been so serious, so grim. Even China he had attacked as a serious problem. Even the Chinese, with their famous, their incredible sense of humor. He had failed, but he would not fail again, for he knew the answer at last. Laughter was the Stream of Heavenly Enlightenment.

THE END

PHILIP MORRIS

CALL FOR

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

ENJOY the superb taste of the world's finest tobaccos . . . unhampered by throat irritation. And remember . . . Philip Morris' superiority is recognized by eminent medical authorities. Join Johnnie's call!

CREATORS OF FAMOUS CIGARETTES FOR 91 YEARS, ALWAYS UNDER THE PHILIP MORRIS NAME

The Confessions of a Talent Scout

HOLLYWOOD JOBS

BY I. I. ("AL") ALTMAN

Eastern Talent Executive,
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

as told to

KENNETH L. WATT

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Last week Mr. Altman told what a talent scout looks for in his search for future picture stars. He selected Corinne and Bruce, two imaginary young people and put them through the questioning and rehearsing that precedes a movie test. Now he lets you in on some make-up secrets and describes the test itself.

CORINNE'S make-up for the screen must be placed in expert hands, so she visits one of the foremost artists in New York. This man, who has applied grease paint to the faces of many a star of stage and screen for two generations, talks with her and studies

her appearance and personality. Then he goes to work.

Since the hair is a frame for the face, he tackles that first. Her wide, firm jaw must be tapered down so that her face will appear oval. This is considered the ideal photogenic shape, although some "rectangular" faces (Joan Crawford's, for example) photograph beautifully. Since Corinne's forehead is wide, the hair is dressed upward and outward. By creating the illusion of width at the head, the jaw and chin are made to appear smaller.

While Corinne's eyes are of average size, they appear smaller than they actually are. The distance from the lower edge of the eyebrow to the lashes is carefully measured. This dimension is found to be satisfactory at the ends of the brows but is too short in the middle. The correction, with the result that her eyes appear large, is promptly made. The lower parts of the brows are plucked

As the scene unfolds again, I see that the stiffness has disappeared.

How hard is it, really, to get into the movies? Here, more fully told than ever before, are the secrets of what must happen along the road to fame in filmdom

and, using the remaining thin line as a base, the eyebrow pencil is applied above.

With Corinne's hair and eyebrows revamped, attention is now turned to her mouth. By painting the lower part of her very full lower lip with vermilion grease paint and carefully shaping the corners, Corinne's mouth is made to appear wider. Thus her chin and jaw become more symmetrical and less prominent.

Men require little or no make-up and some actors do not use even grease paint. Occasionally we find a man whose temples are too high or whose hair is receding at these spots. This is overcome with a hairline toupee which covers the bare skin and gives him a straight hairline at the forehead. The hair of the toupee is combed into the actor's own.

At the studio on Tenth Avenue Corinne and Bruce rehearse their scene on set. While the lighting is being decided upon, the sound engineers study the actors' voices.

At last everything is ready. At my signal the camera starts turning and the scene begins. During this first shot I am watching the actors closely, and when I see some bad errors I cry, "Cut!" The brilliant set lights fade down and the studio lights are turned on.

"That wasn't bad, kids," I tell them smilingly. "Not bad at all. But it wasn't good either. Corinne, you tilted your head toward the camera, and that threw a shadow over the lower part of your face. Bruce, you remember what we decided at rehearsal last week—Greg is disappointed and crushed that the wedding must be postponed. He isn't angry—so watch that frown."

A few other points are emphasized: they must speak faster than on the stage, because in ordinary conversational dialogue recording slows up the speech; gestures must be less broad, because the camera brings the audience right on the stage. We run through the entire scene again, correcting these errors. Then the set lights go on, the camera turns, and the sequence is shot.

NEXT on the schedule are the silent close-ups. Corinne sits on a high swivel chair and the camera is brought within three feet of her face. When projected on the screen, this will give us Corinne's head from five to eight feet high. Crouched out of range of the camera, one of the property men slowly turns the swivel chair. We see Corinne full-face, head lowered, head raised, eyes in the camera, eyes raised and lowered, left and right profiles. She smiles, frowns, laughs, speaks. One hundred feet of this—about one minute on the screen—and Corinne's preliminary voice and make-up test is over for this time. The same procedure is followed with Bruce.

As we leave the studio, they ask timidly if they will be permitted to see the finished film. "Of course you will," I answer heartily. "It is only in that way that you'll be able to correct your mistakes and we can adjust your make-up and the lighting so that your actual final screen test will be the best all of us can do. The rushes will be ready in a day or two."

My staff and I view the rushes before the actors are called. We decide that some changes must be made in Corinne's hairdress and that some experimenting with her mouth is needed. The girl's voice lends itself beautifully to recording. The low, rich tones are vibrant and colorful.

After my assistants and I have finished our discussion, Corinne and Bruce are admitted to the projection room in the M-G-M offices and their tests are run off. Less than five minutes after they have taken their seats it is all over and the room lights flash on.

"Well, what do you think of it?" I ask cheerfully.

"As for me," moans Corinne, "I'll take vanilla."

Bruce shakes his head sadly. "My mother certainly must have loved me," he sighs.

"Why, they're splendid!" I exclaim, trying to appear surprised.

"Well, I certainly thank you for all your trouble, Mr. Altman," declares Corinne wistfully. "I'm sorry that I was such a washout."

"That goes for me too," chimes in Bruce.

A similar conversation takes place after the screening of every preliminary voice and make-up test. I have yet

to find the actor who is pleased, and I always face the task of lifting drooping spirits.

The days between the preliminary test and the actual screen test are filled with rehearsals. Every line, every voice inflection, every movement of head, body, and hands, is carefully worked out. The make-up artist tries various shades of grease paint, eye shadow, and lip rouge on Corinne.

The great day finally arrives. As soon as Corinne and Bruce appear on set, I give a prearranged signal to one of my assistants to start playing a phonograph. The music is a dreamy Strauss waltz, selected because it is soothing. When Corinne approaches, I see the pucker between her eyebrows—the sign of nervous strain. I start to talk about music, and tell her that the cameraman would like to hear the song she has been using in her routine at the Nite-Lite Club. When she agrees, the phonograph is switched off and I seat myself at the piano. The first few notes from her throat confirm her nervousness, but soon one of the property men produces a harmonica which he happens (*sic*) to have with him, and joins in. I motion Bruce to sing too, and before long our young folks have lost their tense look and seem to feel that they are among friends and well-wishers.

When the singing has ceased, Corinne and Bruce take their places on set, the brilliant set lights are turned on, the call of "Okay for sound" is heard, the cry of "Quiet, please," rings out—we are off. They go through their scene and make a few mistakes. Two minutes later I cry, "Cut!"

BOY and girl heave audible sighs of relief. There was one important item which neither could observe—the camera was not turning. From long experience I can judge that in this case, where we have nervousness to combat, the first "take" will probably be useless. Therefore, why make it? I tell Bruce and Corinne that their performance was, on the whole, excellent. A few errors are pointed out, and then: "Now, kids, I want to run through it again. There's a little change I'd like to make in the lighting. So let's have it, will you?"

Feeling that the worst is over, they relax noticeably. As the scene unfolds once more, I can see that the stiffness has disappeared. Gestures are performed naturally, the lines are crisp. Their work has improved 100 per cent. Next come the close-up inserts. A few lines with the camera focused on Corinne's face and shot over Bruce's shoulder; then the reverse. When the lights are turned off for the last time, I look at my watch. Five hours have passed.

Before leaving, Corinne and Bruce ask anxiously when they will learn the verdict, and I tell them that their fate will be known within a week or ten days.

The film is developed, I see the rushes and give instructions to the cutter, who puts the various shots together in their proper sequence. After Bob Rubin, M-G-M's Eastern vice-president, and I have seen and approved the finished print, it is shipped by air express to our Hollywood studios.

Immediately upon arrival at the studio, the tests will be viewed by the executive in charge of new talent activities and the casting director. Then all twenty-five producers on the M-G-M lot and as many directors as possible are rounded up. If this screening meets a favorable reception from the producers, the test film will be seen by Vice-President Louis B. Mayer and his staff. Theirs is the final decision.

When the verdict on Bruce and Corinne has been reached I will be notified by wire, and it will then become my sad or happy duty to notify them. Although a dozen years have passed since I received my first telegraphed decision, no actor or actress awaits Hollywood's judgment on their work with more anxiety than I, because during the weeks of rehearsals and tests I have come to know and like them. They have become my friends.

If our hypothetical young friends, Bruce and Corinne, are sent to Hollywood as a result of their tests, they will have excellent reason to congratulate themselves. Looked at in cold type, their chances were microscopic. The story can best be told in figures; and although this table is drawn from the experience of my staff in New York, the

other talent officers would doubtless tell much the same tale:
 During a typical year we observe from 20,000 to 30,000 people.
 Of these we interview... 6,000
 Of these we audition... 4,000
 Of these we test..... 40-50
 Of these M-G-M accepts 15-20
 At the worst, after we see a person's work, he or she has one chance in two thousand of being sent to Hollywood; at the best, one chance in one thousand. And these people are largely professional performers—90

Fortune smiles on Corinne, and she goes to Hollywood. In an early issue, Mr. Altman will reveal just what happens to her there.

per cent of them are working in the theater, radio, night clubs, burlesque. The chances that we will ever see a given *amateur* John Doe or Mary Roe are infinitesimal.
 Yet thousands of untrained people are ambitious to get into the movies. Many of them write to Hollywood and to talent scouts. Scores of letters reach my desk each week. Here is one which came this morning:

Dear Sirs:
 Enclosed is my picture which shows that I photograph well. My friends all tell me that I look like Myrna Loy. I am nineteen years old and graduated from high school here. Last year I had the leading role in our senior class play.
 Every one says that I am just the type for the movies. I heard that you give screen tests and I would like to take one. Should I come to New York or go direct to Hollywood? Thanking you for an early reply, I am,
 Sincerely yours,
 (Miss) MARY —.

P.S. If favorable, please send railroad tickets.
 What can I tell her? As a man who knows the odds against her, I cannot offer her—or the others like her—very much encouragement. Yet she may have within her the spark that makes the great actress. Tonight's mail will carry this reply to Mary:

My dear Miss ———:
 It was very nice of you to send me your lovely photograph. Yet I must strongly urge you not to go either to Hollywood or New York. There are thousands of beautiful, talented, and trained girls in both places.
 The basic training, which is vital for success in motion pictures, can be obtained right in your own city, because you have available there capable dramatic and vocal coaches. Go to them, study, and work hard. If there is a little-theater group, by all means join it.
 If you have ability and the courage to face the years of hard work which lie ahead, your opportunity will come. With best wishes for success in your chosen field, I am,
 Very sincerely yours,
 I. I. ALTMAN.
 THE END

Fight a COLD two ways with Sal Hepatica



MRS.: So I'm too dumb to learn the steps for the Charity Ballet, am I? What can you expect when I'm coming down with a cold?
 MR.: Well, why don't you do something about it? You need a very special laxative, my good woman—Sal Hepatica.



MRS.: You mean—Sal Hepatica's specially good for a cold?
 MR.: Yes, Sal Hepatica aids your body in fighting a cold—two ways. First, it's a gentle yet speedy laxative—and speed is important in fighting a cold. Second, it helps Nature counteract the acidity that so often accompanies a cold.



MR.: Honey, you certainly learned this ballet stuff like nobody's business. You're a marvel at it!
 MRS.: You're the marvel! You knew about Sal Hepatica—and it certainly helped keep that cold from taking hold. From now on, Sal Hepatica's going to be my first thought when I feel a cold coming.

SAL HEPATICA IS A QUICK YET GENTLE LAXATIVE

IT ALSO HELPS NATURE COUNTERACT ACIDITY

SAL HEPATICA
 HELPS GET AFTER A COLD FAST—TWO WAYS
 GET IT AT ANY DRUG STORE TODAY

TUNE IN! Fred Allen in "TOWN HALL TONIGHT"—Wednesday, 9 P.M., E. S. T.

THE TEN-GRAND GESTURE

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WHEN the memo came, to meet the boss at the Parnasse, I took one look at the auditor's sheet and decided we were about to close the place.

It didn't matter to me. We had ten night clubs spread over New York from Eighth Avenue to Park. When one fell into the red, we closed it, changed the decorations, talent, and orchestra, and opened it again under a different name.

The Parnasse was just another place to me. Zeno Blake was the name band and the talent was Anne Clemence, a nice kid with a good voice but no reputation.

The Parnasse is in the Garden Building. On the floor below is another of our places, the Dell. My office is on the top floor. As publicity chief of the chain, it houses my clippings and bottle.

I looked in at the Dell before going upstairs to the boss. A colored floor show was packing them in. Even the Westchester-Park Avenue crowd was giving it a play, and the archgoddess of the mob, Iris Galway, was using it as a throne room.

Iris was only nineteen, but she had been the darling of the columnists since she was sixteen. A daughter of Tevis Galway who came out of Montana with millions, she was a looker. Slim and regular-featured, with dark gold hair and blue eyes.

I knew her and her crowd. Of the lot, there was only one I liked. He had more millions than any one man should have, but nonetheless, Barry Penhalter was a grand lad. He had jet-black hair, gray eyes, broad shoulders, and a smile that was ready and sincere.

He had fallen for Iris. The society editors hashed the affair on Sundays, and the columnists reported its progress in their Monday résumés. Barry was from Virginia. He was about twenty-three. He had been an orphan for years. I could tell that Barry didn't really know Iris; that he hadn't any idea what she was really like. He was a normal lad, crazy about a gorgeous girl. And she was making life hell for him.

When I got into the Dell, some of the crowd at the bar gave me a careless "Hi, Tip!" just to keep their standing as members of Who's Who in Broadway Night Life. But Barry Penhalter said, "Good evening, Mr. Noakes."

I stopped beside him. The bar was crowded and Barry was a long way from Iris. I could see her yellow head surrounded by black coats and white shirt fronts.

"Evening," I said. I was pleased with that "Mr. Noakes." After all, I was more than fifty and most of the barflies were barely out of college. It was respect and unusual enough to be startling.

Barry said, "Will you have a drink with me?"

"I'm having coffee upstairs," I told him—"in the Parnasse. Entrance is around the corner from the Dell. Drop up and have something with me later on, if you get the chance."

"Thank you. I'd like to, Mr. Noakes."

Iris came up to us in a cloud of perfume. She was in deep blue and glittering with bracelets. She paid no attention to me. "Barry, let me have my vanity. Bill



The lights went on and Anne came out to the piano. They demanded encore after encore.

Love in Manhattan!—The story of an inconstant siren, a pair of brown eyes, and a young man's awakening

BY ALEC RACKOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE



Clare is taking me over to Marsten's. You don't mind waiting, do you? We'll pick you up in an hour or so."

I left before Barry could answer. I knew he'd take it with a smile and a nod, but I didn't want to see it.

The crowd was different upstairs. Swell people. But too few. The boss and Nograles, the manager, were sitting in the Crying Corner, which is the table nearest the entrance and the desk where the reservation book and the phone are.

I sat down with them. The boss is short and squat, bald. He said, "What about doing something for it, Tip?"

Zeno Blake's men finished the number. The few dancers left the floor and the piano was wheeled out. Anne Clemence appeared. She was in a pale yellow gown; all brown eyes and a wistful smile. I hadn't heard her before, but when she sang, I knew immediately that the girl had something.

Nograles said, "An artiste to her finger tips."

The boss got up. He spoke to Nograles, but it was aimed at me: "If it picks up, O. K. If it doesn't, we'll close down for a while." Then he did look at me. "You're pretty rich. You won't mind losing the twenty-five per this place brings you. There's nine others."

"All right," I said. "I'll do what I can." And Nograles murmured, "Please."

I ordered my coffee when the boss had gone. I was wondering what I could do, when the captain bent down to say, "Mr. Penhalter asks if he may join you."

Just like that kid. He was standing in the entrance. As I brought him to the table he said, "I'm not disturbing you, Mr. Noakes?"

He ordered a Scotch-and-soda. His smile was diffident. "It's rather tiresome—waiting."

"Did you leave word you'd be up here?"

"Yes. Is that all right?"

"Sure."

He sipped his drink. Suddenly he said, "Am I making a terrible fool of myself, Mr. Noakes?"

I fiddled with my cup. "At least you know it."

"That doesn't help. I know what I should do. I went home to Virginia last week. But I came back."

"There's no use kidding yourself," I told him. "You've got to play the hand out, even though you're in a phony game."

His smile appeared, gamely. "I'm afraid I can't help myself. I'm too terribly in love with her, sir."

His face was white. It was the only way I could tell he had had a lot to drink.

I've seen hundreds of them go through it, though not one of them was worth Barry's little finger. How could I tell him that what he wanted was worse than what he feared he would get? It was Broadway and an old story.

Barry said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Noakes. I didn't mean to saddle you with my troubles."

"Forget it. As far as you'll let me go, I'm your friend. There's no strings to that."

They pushed the piano out again. Anne gave me a smile as she passed, a cheerful, apologetic smile. She didn't know what was wrong, but she blamed herself. Only then did I realize how that twenty-year-old girl had been working and dreaming. She started to sing.

Barry said, "What a nice voice."

I nodded. "Too bad. Anne's pretty well through. She needs the proper publicity—the right promotion—and I can't fix it for her."

Barry's eyes widened.

"Is it difficult? It seems to me . . ."

"Sure. The way they plaster your name all around makes it seem too easy. You'd just as soon they wouldn't."

"It's all rot they print about me. What they say about Iris is just as distorted. If she'd only . . ." He stopped, and smiled. "I don't believe I'll wait. I'm not in favor at the moment."

"In the doghouse? It'll probably last some time?"

"It has before."

"Maybe you'd like to do me a favor while you're waiting for her to come around?"

Barry looked at me. "Anything at all, Mr. Noakes."

I leaned across the table because I didn't want to speak over Anne's singing. "As you say, you've been a lot in the columns. If you were to pay a little attention to some other girl, even if it didn't mean a thing, those suckers would pick it up and the girl would come in for some notice. It would do her good and me as well."

"I'll be only too glad to, Mr. Noakes," Barry said. "You mean the girl who is singing?"

"Yes. Maybe, if you're not out of the doghouse for the next few days, you could give her a little play. Take her to the theater if you feel you can bear it; but anyhow, come up here a couple of nights."

"It's not much of a favor."

"It's more than I'd ask of any one else, and a lot more than they'd do."

I got up as Anne came by and stopped her. "This is Barry Penhalter, Anne. Sit down with us a minute."

They were just two nice, natural youngsters shaking hands. Barry said, "I enjoyed your singing ever so much."

"Thank you." I could see the faint darkness under Anne's big eyes. "I seem more able to drive people away than bring them in."

She looked at me with that apologetic smile, and I said, "Forget it. You've got the stuff. They'll be falling all over you soon."

She turned to Barry. "I know who you are now. Weren't you at Oxford with John Soring?"

"Why, yes," Barry grinned at her. "You must be from Baltimore."

It struck me all of a sudden, as they laughed, that they both were lonely. They got up to dance. I waved at them and then went upstairs to phone the other places and get an idea how business was for the evening.

I was hard at it when a page came up to tell me they wanted to know if I'd go with them and have some breakfast. I was pleased, not only because Barry was evidently doing what I'd asked him, but because he didn't just leave but made that decent gesture of asking me. I sent word that I was very busy and would they excuse me.

An hour later I went over to Dave's. All the broadcasters from the studios, all the hams from the theaters and the harpies from the sheets were there.

I saw Harry Folsom and Dan Selling and went to join them. All New York and half the rest of the country read their Broadway chatter. It is mostly bunk but it has always had a drag.

A couple of movie men and some chorus girls were with them. Harry grinned at me. "When you closing the Parnasse?"

I pulled up a chair. "Didn't you know we have the best bet since Morgan made a piano into a seat?" I said.

Folsom yawned. "The Clemence girl. She looks Park Avenue, but they don't seem to recognize her."

"One of them does. The one with the most of what it takes, the best lad of the lot."

Selling fiddled with his tie. "That sounds like the Penhalter kid. Iris Galway has him roped and tied."

"Isn't Iris stepping out with a would-be Hollywood light named Bill Clare?" I asked innocently.

They both looked at me. "When did all this happen?" Folsom asked.

"They're having breakfast at the moment," I said,

reaching for the coffee I'd ordered. "They make a pretty swell couple too. You should have seen them dancing together. It looks like a flare-up to me."

"You don't say?" Selling asked of his raw hamburger. I changed the subject and in a minute left, with my coffee untouched for them to pay for. I had a bed.

As it happens every now and then, the breaks all came my way. Iris went off on a yachting trip with her father, and it was Bill Clare who went with them, not Barry. There's nothing I hate so much as a woman who punishes a man by dangling another in front of him.

But while I kept out of the way I knew what was going on. I saw by the columns that Barry had taken Anne to lunch at Sardi's; that he took her to the opening of Hold Your Hat; that they'd lunched at the Colony.

Saturday nights tell nothing. Every one is out then and it's the rare room that doesn't do business. Tuesdays and Thursdays are the nights the smart people step out. I went into the Parnasse on Tuesday. Instead of fifty scattered around, there were almost two hundred. Nograles was standing at the door with a page boy, ready to stretch the velvet rope. Zeno Blake's music had life in it. Even the waiters moved more quickly.

Nograles beamed at me. "You see? I told you. All my people are coming again. They do not desert me."

SO what? If a place doesn't pull, it's my fault. But if it does—I'm used to that. I went to the bar. I saw Barry at a big table. At least a dozen people. He came over to me. "Won't you join us, Mr. Noakes?"

"Can't," I said. "I've got to be moving soon. But thanks a lot. You've done more than I expected."

He looked around. "Do you really think I had anything to do with this? With bringing these people here?"

"Maybe it's hard to believe they're that dumb; but they've come to see what every one is reading about."

"It has been pleasant," Barry said, tall and handsome in his tails. "Anne is such good company. She's helped me a lot. I owe her more than she owes me."

"You would figure like that," I said. "Have you heard from Iris?"

"I had a cable from Bermuda." His chin stiffened. "I'm not going down though."

The floor lights went on and Anne came out to the piano. They demanded encore after encore.

She came across to us. A sort of inner light glowed through her brown eyes.

"You've got them, Anne," I told her.

I waved the two of them back to their party. Folsom was chinning with Nograles in the doorway as I went out. Folsom cornered me. "Give it to me straight, Tip. That Penhalter kid is still nuts about Iris Galway, isn't he?" He squinted at me. "It's off the record."

"As far as I know, he is."

When the boss saw me he said, "Good work." He shifted his cigar. "You can take yourself a hundred instead of twenty-five from the Parnasse after this. We jacked the cover. It ought to last."

"Anne's good for a year."

The boss agreed. "At least that. Maybe two."

I figured I was in possibly ten grand. That meant the annuities would be paid up so much quicker, and seeing how gray I was getting, it was no sorrow.

Anne got half a dozen bids to sing on the air as a guest star. Mike Enters signed her for his next musical. The more I looked at her, the lovelier she appeared.

I was in the office one night a month later when I heard a tap on the door. I said, "Come in."

It was Anne. All in white satin and pretty as a picture. I got up. "Hullo. How's it coming?"

"Grand, Mr. Tip." She leaned against the desk, but her brown eyes were troubled. "I've just come from the ladies' dressing room." She smiled at me. "I was taken there, I begin to think, for a purpose. By a lovely girl. Her name is Iris Galway. Mr. Tip, did you ask Barry to take me around?"

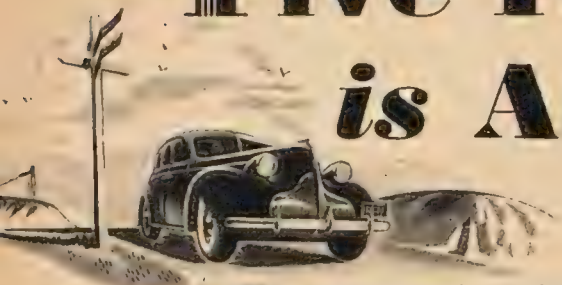
I nodded.

Anne went on, "Is that what you call a publicity stunt?"

"A pretty good one," I told her. "All you needed was a little talk to bring them" (Continued on page 36)

It looks like

**"Five Years from Now"
is Already Here!**



You've only to ride in it to know that here you'll be content as you've not been content before—for many a long and satisfying season to come.

IT seemed a bold move to make when we first considered the styling of this lissom and lovely Buick for 1939.

We didn't know what other fellows were doing—we only knew we had something so excitingly new and different, there were bound to be those who would call it *too* dashing.

But the more we looked at its clean planes and fluent modeling the more it seemed to *fit* the taut, staunch, faultless mechanism underneath it.

It *made sense*, with its radiator grilles down where the air pressure's greatest, its weight low-swung and its

windows expanded so you could see.

So we told you what the fellows in the factory were saying of it—"It looks like five years from now."

To-day, of course, five years from now seems already here.

You've only to look over the passing parade to spot this Buick as the one car with style that's fresh and new-fashioned and *clean enough* to give promise of real permanence.

You've only to watch it in vivid and vital action to sense that it lives up to its looks—fleet, steady, yet matter-of-fact as a sky-liner's nose.

We'd *like* to have you ride in it so that you may know out of your own trying what a fine, solid, dependable piece of craftsmanship you've got under this beauty's smooth exterior.

For it's knowledge of that skilful job of car building that puts the big news in this fact: *Buick prices today are lower than a year ago—lower than you'd expect—lower even than some sixes!*

**NO OTHER CAR IN THE
WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES**

- ★ DYNAFLASH VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE
- ★ BUICOIL TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING
- ★ GREATER VISIBILITY
- ★ HANDSHIFT TRANSMISSION
- ★ ROOMIER UNISTEEL BODY BY FISHER
- ★ TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE
- ★ TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES
- ★ CROWN SPRING CLUTCH
- ★ "CATWALK-COOLING"
- ★ OPTIONAL REAR AXLE GEAR RATIOS
- ★ FLASH-WAY DIRECTION SIGNAL
- ★ SELF-BANKING KNEE-ACTION FRONT SPRINGING

*Easy on the eye—easy to buy—
on General Motors terms!*

EYE OPENER!

With all its extra value,
this Buick sedan lists at
\$51 less than a year ago!



"Better Buy Buick!"

When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them.

(Continued from page 34) in. Once they came, you did the rest."

Her face was quiet. "I see. Do I still need the publicity?"

"It won't do any harm. But you're getting all kinds on your own now."

She said, "Would you ask Barry to come up here? I can't very well talk to him downstairs. It's so crowded and every one rushes me so."

"Sure," I said, as unsuspecting as a lamb. I called down, and in a minute there was a knock and the page-boy opened the door for Barry to enter.

He said, "Hello, Anne. Hello, Mr. Noakes."

Anne smiled at Barry. "I want you to know how much I appreciate all you've done for me. I can't ever repay you, but I am grateful."

She put out her hand and Barry took it. He started to speak, but Anne said quickly, "I'm going to be terribly busy. We start rehearsals next week. I shan't have time for anything but work and sleep."

Barry stood looking at her. Anne said, "Miss Galway is lovely."

"Very lovely," Barry admitted.

She linked her arm in his. "I'm due to sing now. Good night, Mr. Tip."

I saw nothing unnatural, in the Broadway sense, for her to drop Barry now that she didn't need him. It's done all the time.

Say Something Nice went into rehearsal. Anne had a spot. Two songs. But she more than lived up to what was expected of her. There was a break in her voice that kept them quieter than mice.

After the New York opening there wasn't a table to be had at the Parnasse. Iris Galway was there with all her crowd. Barry as well. Folsom and Selling and the other dishers looked in. I could see my ten grand becoming a certainty.

After Anne's first group I went up to my office. I was there when she knocked and came in, her wrap over her arm. She was pale and her eyes were bigger than ever. She said, "I'm so tired, Mr. Tip. Will you take me home?"

That was when I began to feel queer. In the car Anne sat with her hand in mine. "I guess it's worth it, isn't it, Mr. Tip? I used to look forward to being some one. To making a name for myself, a lot of money. But just now, somehow, it doesn't seem worth it."

I put my arm around her and she buried her face against my shoulder.

Next day I read in Selling's column that the Galway-Penhalter engagement was as good as announced.

SATURDAY came and Anne decided she would go home to Baltimore. I promised to meet her at Newark airport on Monday.

Around one, Monday morning, I dropped into the Silver Casino, one of our dinner-and-show places. The Parnasse and the straight night clubs are closed on Sundays. The first person I saw was Barry. He looked different in gray tweeds. He said, "I thought you might come in. They said it was your custom on Sundays."

"What's on your mind?" I asked.

"I wanted to say good-by. Will you have some wine?"

I called for rye. I looked around. I didn't see Iris' yellow head. Barry said, "When you see Anne, will you tell her I tried to call her, but got no answer."

"She's in Baltimore," I said. When I had put the rye where it belonged, I said, "What's this good-by stuff?"

"Tom Van Horst is going to Kenya. He's asked me to go with him." His gray eyes met mine. "It should be very interesting. I've always meant to go on safari."

"What was I reading about you and Iris being engaged?"

"It's not true, but there's no use denying such things."

"How long will you be gone?"

"A year—perhaps two." He got up and put out his hand. "Thank you for everything, Mr. Noakes. Most of all for letting me help Anne. She's going to be a great star, isn't she?"

When I got to my rooms in the hotel on Fiftieth it was all clear. Anne thought it was Iris, and Barry thought

Anne had been aware of my scheme all the time; that it had just been business with her. I could see it, but it wasn't any of my business. Two youngsters, thrown together, had fallen in love with each other. But what of it? Two years. They'd get over it long before that period had passed. Every one goes through being in love time and again. It's good for people. I could see, though, where the break in Anne's voice had come from. But there was my ten grand to protect. The whole thing was something to laugh at.

I did laugh when I got one shoe off. I nursed that shoe for fifteen minutes. I was still holding it when I called Barry at the Waldorf. "If you're not leaving before tomorrow night, perhaps you'd like to take a little ride with me."

I could tell from his voice that he hadn't been asleep. "I'd like to, Mr. Noakes."

"I'll call for you at three."

I was immediately sorry, but there was always the chance that I was wrong and my ten grand safe.

We made the run to Newark in my car. When the plane came in, Barry hung back as usual. He hadn't asked me whom we had come to meet.

I met her at the gate. "I brought a friend along with me," I said.

She looked past me and I saw my ten grand ride off in the brightness of her face. Her lips trembled. "Barry!"

I HEARD Barry whisper her name and I walked away. They came along in a few minutes. I gave Barry the car keys. "You'll want some time to chin. I've got to see a man in Newark. Bring the car around to the Parnasse. Maybe I'll see you there." I left before either of them could say anything.

I didn't stop to ponder about things. All I knew was that my ten grand was either gone or that it wasn't, and I found myself hoping it was. I was pretty sure of it when I got a call at eight thirty from the Orpheus asking if I knew where Anne was. "Keep your shirt on," I told McGee. "She's got an understudy, hasn't she? Well, let her warble." I left word with Folsom's secretary for him to come around later and see me in the Parnasse. Then I called Zeno Blake and had a talk with him.

Folsom arrived around eleven. "What's up?"

"A story," I told him. "Either you've got one, exclusive, or you haven't. Buy yourself a drink and wait awhile. If it is a story, you'll know."

The place filled. The theater crowd stormed in. Iris Galway showed up with Bill Clare and several others.

Midnight came and time for Anne's first group of songs. Nograles began to complain about her not being there. I didn't say anything. I had already kissed my ten grand good-by and I felt better about it every minute. Then the lift came up and Barry and Anne got out.

One look at their faces was enough. Anne came and kissed me in front of Nograles and the page. I saw the wedding ring. Barry stood behind her, smiling.

"All right," I said. "Go out and do your numbers."

"I have to change first," Anne said.

"Don't bother. Go as you are."

Nograles buzzed. Zeno wound up the number. The floor cleared and the piano came out. In her gray suit and perky little hat, her face alight, Anne went across to the spot. I looked at Zeno and gave him the high sign. He looked bewildered. Then a grin broke on his homely face. There came the opening bars of the Wedding March.

The crowd laughed, looked around, and then back at Anne. She began to laugh and covered her face with her hands. Beside me, Barry said, "Oh, Lord!" but he didn't hesitate. He walked toward her and Anne ran to him. Then every one began to clap and shout. I was watching Iris. She looked startled, but she went right across to them.

Then Folsom descended on me. "Tip! Boy, oh, boy!"

He leaped for the phone booth, slapped in his nickel, and dialed his number. Then he pushed his head out. "Framing it to break like this, Tip—you sure know how to make a grand gesture."

"Grand is right," I growled. "Ten grand." But I didn't care.

THE END

"It takes real railroading these days"



WHAT we men are doing here is called "maintenance of way."

You'll have to think twice to name any other kind of transportation that does that job for itself.

They tell me that more than thirty cents out of every dollar the railroads take in goes for maintenance, interest, taxes and other costs due to the fact that the railroads do build and maintain their own roadways—and that more than half of the total railroad investment is in roadway.

If other kinds of transportation that use "ways" built and maintained by the public had to pay the full cost of

building and maintaining the "ways" they use, they couldn't even come close to furnishing their service for what the railroads charge.

That goes for the so-called "cheap transportation" by inland waterways. Almost without exception, the subsidy paid by taxpayers for each ton of freight moved on these rivers is as much as, and in most cases more than, the total cost of moving the same freight by rail.

The biggest part of the taxes paid by highway carriers goes to building and maintaining the roads they use—and they tell me that studies by a number of state highway departments show that these taxes do not cover the highway carriers' real share of road costs. Rail-

roads pay more taxes per dollar of revenue than highway carriers do. And the big point is that railroad taxes are not used for building or maintaining their roadway—they go to meet general expenses of government.

That's why I say, "It takes real railroading these days." And the railroads are doing a real job.

When the railroads haul a ton a mile at an average revenue of one cent and pay all their own costs, they're doing a job that can't be beat by any other transportation system in the world, bar none.

And when they do a job like that—it seems to me that about all they need is a square deal in transportation.

FAIR PLAY
NO FAVOR
IN TRANSPORTATION

SEE AMERICA
from Coast to Coast and
border to border, on one

"GRAND CIRCLE" RAIL TICKET—
\$90 in coaches—\$135 in Pullmans (plus space charge)
Start from your home town—visit both the
New York and the San Francisco World's Fairs
—and return. Your own choice of routes; stop-
overs anywhere! Get the full facts from
your ticket agent about the greatest
travel bargain in history!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.



**"No more
'tired'
'let-down feeling' for me"**

**"—I feel and look better
—there is color in my
cheeks
—my appetite is keen
—my weight is back to
normal.**

**"This I am noting in my Diary
and I give full credit to S.S.S.
for causing me to 'feel like
myself again.'"**

So we suggest—

Don't try to get well in a day... this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

Therefore, if you are *pale, tired, lack a keen appetite, have lost weight and feel run-down*... a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making "you feel like yourself again."

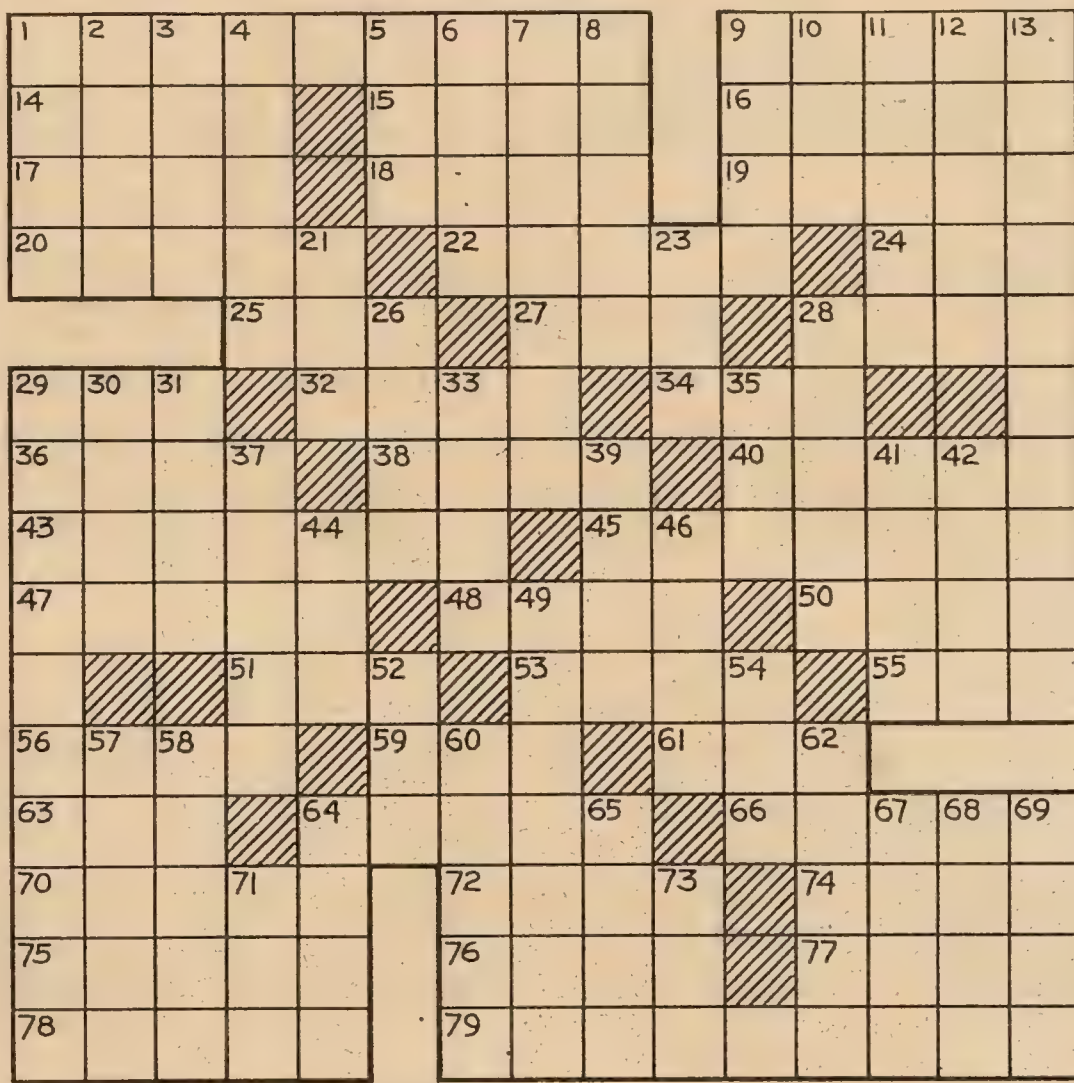
At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical. © S.S.S. Co.

.. In the Spring take

S.S.S. TONIC

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Cylindrical pajama
- 9 What they were out of the morning after
- 14 Comic-strip electric light
- 15 The River of Blood (Sp.)
- 16 Cry of a Scotch canary
- 17 It's in the scheme of things
- 18 Run into but not crash
- 19 What pedestrians do
- 20 Blue cloth used in manufacture of shining raiment
- 22 Park Avenue excursion boat
- 24 Underprivileged Educated Costers (abbr.)
- 25 How St. Bernard dogs go around looking
- 27 Clause opener (abbr.)
- 28 Cat call
- 29 That titled Haggard dame again
- 32 The \$400,000,000 victim
- 34 Large-sized period
- 36 Facial appendages
- 38 Grand old rag woman
- 40 Shakespearean gag
- 43 Divorce part of divorce
- 45 Self-operating brake that should be used by temperamental drivers
- 47 Late of Czechoslovakia
- 48 Dog blanket
- 50 This isn't nuts
- 51 After you rise it disappears
- 53 Dry's a bone
- 55 Editorial basketball (abbr.)
- 56 Sock
- 59 Printer thingumbobs
- 61 An old choke (fem.)
- 63 You never hear of an amateur turning this
- 64 What bootblacks do before they shine

- 66 Beware the Peloponnesians totin' them
- 70 Got the little doggie to git along
- 72 Things carried around in trumpets, then blown out
- 74 Kind of little trick young men like to pick up
- 75 Well known American Castle
- 76 What to do to muddy waters
- 77 Cooper
- 78 British tacks collectors
- 79 Washington, D. C.'s unkindest cut of all (two words)

VERTICAL

- 1 Little things found in a bottle
- 2 Class of men you find in the WPA
- 3 What strip gals usually strip
- 4 What a murderer does when the suspense is terrible
- 5 It brings a sparkle to the maiden's eye
- 6 What she promises to do soon after receiving above item
- 7 Flowery doughnuts
- 8 Western gun carving
- 9 Git along, little kitty
- 10 This knows watt's watt and fuse who
- 11 \$10 word meaning Cockeyed Xword
- 12 Colored yarns
- 13 What opticians' drunken dotters make of themselves
- 21 Handle on a mug
- 23 A tool of the farm interests
- 26 Heal hole

- 28 What a hot dog does in July
- 29 Fast male, recently winner of duel with naval officer
- 30 — and hearty
- 31 Copper country
- 33 They reach the breaking point soon after coming in contact with the younger generation
- 35 What Dobbin did
- 37 Whale with an inferiority complex
- 39 Appendix exit, shut tight
- 41 What Anthony Eden takes going places
- 42 A wise scientist has a few of these in the fire
- 44 Safaris follow her
- 46 He makes a lot of the vertical airplanes used by indoor aviators
- 49 This causes your breath to come in short pants
- 52 A well known by word
- 54 A kind of fish
- 57 It kills more people than hard work
- 58 This makes me mad
- 60 Sun spot that affects the gold supply
- 62 Party causing many a headache
- 64 Coolers
- 65 A well known Red
- 67 Result of breaking out in a rash act
- 68 Harp Hall
- 69 They ran the deadest ferryboat line here
- 71 Compass pernt
- 73 Society of Lush Onioneaters (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



AMERICA'S RICHEST ACTOR

Here he is—and here's the surprising
inside story of Crooner Crosby's gold

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

DR. HARRY LILLIS "BING" CROSBY has a corn. It is probably the most valuable corn in the world. It rates \$100,000 all by itself. It rates a lot more than that, for he has nursed that corn into what is currently the richest income in Hollywood. But \$100,000 is the sum for which it is insured with Lloyd's.

Without it Harry Lillis Crosby would be just another Doctor of Philosophy. He shares with Charley McCarthy the distinction of being the only Hollywood alumnus to achieve an honorary university degree.

But Bing's corn is different from other corns, geographically as well as financially. His grew in his throat.

"They call it a singer's node," he says, "and it's a sort of corn or callus on the vocal cords. That's what gives my voice the husky notes and the funny slurs."

It gives him also, among other things, a chance, through his voice, to put over to the public the real he-man qualities that he possesses in such prodigal abundance—a chance that is denied to most crooners.

Regular singers, like Melchior and Tibbett, sing from the diaphragm. Crooners sing from the ceiling, and the effect is tenorish. But Bing's voice steps on his corn on the way up, and do-de-dums baritonishly.

This has been a great help to Bing socially as well as financially. But that isn't all. He not only sounds like a baritone. He is one. And he can prove it.

It hasn't always been easy to be a crooner. Remember that song, Crosby, Colombo, and Vallee? It wasn't a very complimentary song. At the time, it sounded like the funeral dirge for all three of them.

Something had to be done about it. Rudy went around the country socking all and sundry. Russ got Carole

Lombard to fall in love with him. Bing Crosby had twins.

Of course, Bing's performance was a duet, not a solo—and Dixie, his wife, contributed the high notes: Dennis Michael and Philip Lang Crosby.

Dixie Lee—that was her name back in Cheer Up and Smile—had already presented her husband with a first son, Gary Evan. So Bing was now proclaimed before the world as the progenitor of three newborn baby boys in thirteen months. Which is a record anywhere and a miracle in Hollywood.

Since that great day Dixie, who looks as young as Betty Grable, has come through nobly with a fourth son, yclept Howard Lindsay, called Joe—four of a kind, a presumptive barbershop quartet.

Bing was born in Tacoma, Washington, of solid Irish stock, May 2, 1904, and just as he was about to earn the title of the Tacoma Terror, his folks moved to Spokane. There they innocently came to anchor on the wrong side of the tracks. All told, they numbered nine: Pa Crosby and Ma Crosby and five son Crosbys and two daughters.

Pa was a gay-spirited Irishman who bookkept a brewery. When prohibition came, he opened a pickle factory. Before and after prohibition, he strung a mean guitar. Ma was Catherine Harrigan, and she could sing like nobody's business. Harry Lillis, who came midway of the seven Cs, was a short, chunky, and fairly scrubby little boy. How he came to be called Bing, nobody in Crosbyland seems to remember. His theatrical career began as wardrobe boy in a Spokane theater, where he had a chance to hear the then two big noises of songland, Al Jolson and Sophie Tucker. Later, at school, he played Julius Caesar, with results which indicated that as a Shakespearean tragedian he was a first-class comic.

One day, pa looked up from his pickles and said, "Boy, you're going to be a lawyer." "O. K., pa," said Bing, and matriculated in law at near-by Gonzaga University. At Gonzaga, he substituted baseball and football for Shakespeare, wrote short shorts for the college mag, and started a six-piece band, in which he played the trap drum and toyed not too lightly with the cymbals. No member of the band could read a note—Bing can't today—so they borrowed phonograph records to imitate.

"Occasionally," according to Bing, "Al Rinker, my pal, or I would sing a solo. Nobody seemed to object."

The band put a stiff price on their services—eighteen dollars a night, three bucks apiece. That was more than some young lawyers were getting in Spokane, so Al and Bing decided to leave Blackstone and Coke flat. As Two Boys and a Piano, they played the local theater a week, at forty dollars for the act, and thereby bought themselves a battered tin Lizzie, which they christened Hope Divine. They gave Hope a shove down the hill toward Hollywood.

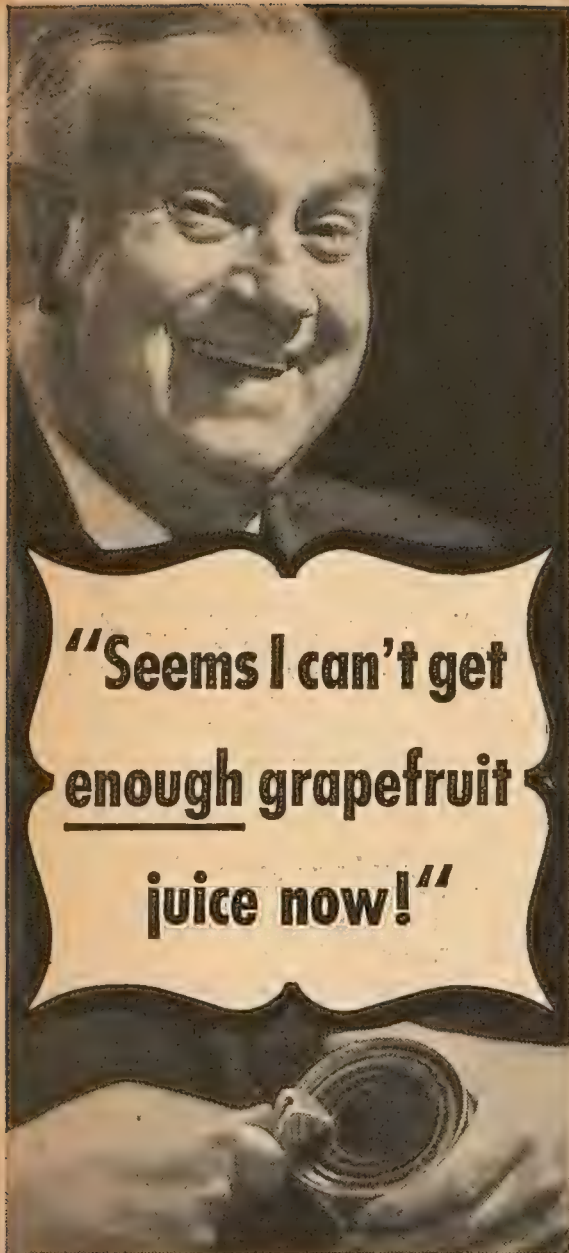
Bing carried away with him two shirts, one pair of socks, and the maternal blessing. Since Hope, although unlike most cars in most things, did require gasoline to make her go, the boys sang for her supper all the way. She took two weeks to make the trip, and then, just as her owners were about to make a triumphant entry into North Hollywood, she lay down and died. The boys left her where she lay and made their way on foot to Mildred Bailey's house, where they started singing for their own supper.

Mildred, who is Al Rinker's sister and is also the chubby swingster lady, introduced them to Mike Lyman, Abe's brother, who ran the Tent Club, and Mike gave them a job in his floor show at twenty-five dollars a week.

Thereafter they played the Hollywood night clubs for a while, toured the Coast vaudeville houses, took a fling at co-operative production with Will Morrissey, finally worked up to a thirty-two-fifty weekly wage scale per each and an engagement at the Metropolitan, one of Los Angeles' top vaude spots. Here Paul Whiteman caught their act, and the \$150 a week per each he offered caught their fancy.

In New York, at the Paramount, they "laid an egg" and were dropped from the show. Bing looked around for some one to strengthen the act, and dug up Harry Barris, a young song writer. They were now the Three Rhythm Boys, and as such made night-club history.

Bing got into trouble with a traffic cop the day he was due to sing a solo in Whiteman's picture, The King of



**"Seems I can't get
enough grapefruit
juice now!"**

There's nothing quite like a big glass of tangy Florida grapefruit juice to set a fellow up.

And now it comes in cans, you know—put up by the folks down in Florida right where the best grapefruit grows. All you need do is plunk a hole in the can, pour—and drink!

The same thing holds true of orange juice—and a grand new blend of orange-and-grapefruit juice. Keep a supply of all three on hand.

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA



Look for the word "FLORIDA" on the can
if you want the best

Jazz, and had to spend four days in the Los Angeles hoosegow. Result: he appeared in the film only as one of the Rhythm Boys. But that didn't prevent Hollywood from digging up the old film years later and foisting it on the public as "Bing Crosby in The King of Jazz."

The Rhythm Boys were riding high now. The Cocoanut Grove was calling them, and after they had seen it, even Whiteman couldn't keep them down on the New York farm. Wonderful years followed, during which Bing became the idol of the West Coast's partying throngs.

It was during this period—in February of 1929, to be exact—that he first saw those "Dixie eyes blazing." Her family were against him. So were her picture employers. Dixie accepted him after she had sat in the Grove and heard him sing as if to her and her alone those theme songs of his courtship years, Just One More Chance and I Surrender, Dear.

While all this was going on, William "Bill" Paley, president of the newly formed Columbia Broadcasting System, sailed for Europe with a trunkful of recordings. He was three days out and half through the trunk when he reached a rendering of I Surrender recorded by Bing in one of his most abject Dixie-inspired moments. Bill made the wireless office in a hop and a skip and boo-de-doo-do. Within the hour, B. Crosby, Los Angeles, California, was receiving orders from the radio high command to "Go East, young man."

But it wasn't so simple. Bing was having a good time. The movie stars had taken him up. And Mack Sennett was fast making him into a movie star.

They never would have dug Bing out of the orange groves except for one thing. There was a young Italian chap in Gus Arnheim's orchestra, who used to be pressed into service sometimes to sing Bing's songs for him. His name was Russ Columbo. One night Russ didn't show up. Inquiry disclosed that he was speeding East to try for the job Bing had thumbed his nose at.

THE following evening, that luscious little blonde whose head was snuggling against an inordinately broad shoulder on board an East-going air liner was identified as Mrs. Bing Crosby, formerly of Hollywood; and the owner of the shoulder was very properly her husband, launched at last on that great coast-to-coast career which was to make him the world's richest entertainer.

Arriving in New York, Bing went on at the Paramount Theater for a week, and stayed twenty. Phonograph companies besieged him for recordings. Movie exhibitors clamored for more. The \$150 Rhythm Boy was making \$10,000 a week.

There is no explaining a phenomenon like this. It had happened to Vallee two years before. It is happening to Goodman and Dorsey today. It just happens. In Crosby's case

some said it was the songs he sang. They *were* good. They always have been. But, after all, there were plenty of numbers in the list of Crosby successes that would never have gone into a second printing if Crosby hadn't sung them.

The fact that Bing has an acrobatic voice doesn't compare as a success factor with his genuine love of singing for singing's sake. He sings to his kids, to the callboys at the studio, to the actors on the set, to the horses in his stables, to the fishes in the sea. He sings all the time. It is that joy of singing which goes through the mike, and gives his work that priceless thing, sincerity. He may or may not be the world's greatest singer, but he is the world's most convincing one.

AND Crosby fans are beginning to realize that he is quite as much a comedian as he is a singer. He goes on the theory that the shorter the rehearsals, the more sparkling the broadcasts. Recently he has eliminated dress rehearsals altogether. As for the chatter between him and Bob Burns, there isn't any rehearsal at all. The program clockers simply allow so much time for their ad-libbing, and hope to heaven that the last gag beats the last gong in a photo finish at the end of the hour. It certainly makes for a lot of fun. Even Bing's interviews with celebrities—in most other hands the lowest form of radio life—are folksy as last year's shoe.

It is on the screen, however, that Bing is coming into his own as a comedian. The big Hollywood boys with the throb in their hearts decreed romance and more romance and still more romance for him. But no matter what they did, he was still a comic. And now they are giving him a chance to prove it.

Offscreen, Bing is definitely *not* the matinee-idol type. His naturally chubby figure is about his only point of resemblance to Cupid. His long lashes and dentifrice smile are his only concessions to beauty. Moreover, he does all that any man could do to ruin himself with clothes.

"I think I'm rather a snappy dresser," he says, "but I receive no encouragement in this belief from my wife, family, friends, or business associates."

The fact is, he is color-blind. "He will think something is a beautiful blue," explains Dixie, "and it will turn out to be a bilious green." It is no uncommon thing for this "snappy dresser" to start off for an important appointment in a green gabardine sports coat, faded blue dungarees, canary-yellow sweater, tieless rose-colored shirt, reddish-brown cap, yellow-and-purple socks, and a rainbow scarf.

"A simple sort of person, on the sentimental side." That was a line in one of Bing's songs, and that is Bing himself. He's the boy next door or the fellow that lives across the street—folksy, familiar, utterly lack-

ing in self-consciousness or in self-conceit. At thirty-four, he hasn't begun to grow up.

"That guy?" laughs Bob Burns. "He just never could be different. It ain't in him."

As for cultural pursuits, Bing reads detective stories and would like to write them. He does most of his reading sitting in a steam cabinet. His humor is as natural as his manner. On the lawn of his new Toluca Lake home, he stuck up a sign: "Keep off the grass. Remember when you, too, were struggling for recognition."

"I am the laziest white man I know," he once said. That's all right for him to say. His sleepy eyes, his casual manner, his definitely indolent personality are liars all. In sports alone, the man's activities are prodigious. They begin with tossing cards into a hat, pass through golfing in the seventies to deep-sea fishing for broadtail marlin, and endurance swimming that makes him eligible for the annual Catalina Island race.

He also goes in for showing and breeding thoroughbred puppies—springer spaniels, police dogs, and a Boxer said to be worth \$1,500. Scoop, a police dog, is his personal favorite and for a very personal reason: Six months after the birth of twin sons Dennis and Philip, Scoop also presented her master with twins, both boys. He owns half interest in a couple of two-legged pugs—Freddie Steele, an ex-champion middleweight, and George Turner, future (Bing hopes) heavyweight champion. And, just for variety's sake, he's sponsoring a female soft-ball outfit, the Croonerettes.

BUT these sports activities pale beside his preoccupation with the sport of kings. He has a stable of thirty horses, none of which has yet won an important race. He is president, chief owner, loudest rooter, and best loser of a \$500,000 race track at Del Mar.

Bing gets \$135,000 a picture, \$6,000 a broadcast, a vast revenue from phonograph records and sheet music, and an Oklahoma oil-field "take" which is said to be bigger than his income from all other sources. To manage all this money—along with his sporting activities, his huge fan mail, his half interest in his father-in-law's fish-canning business, and other properties ranging from popcorn stands to gold mines—he has incorporated himself under the laws of Delaware and California as Bing Crosby, Ltd., Inc., a corporation which occupies a two-story office building in the heart of Hollywood, and which his relatives manage for him.

"I'm low on sales resistance," is the way Bing explains it. "The corporation saves me from myself. Every cent I earn goes into the treasury of the company. They pay me a salary, on which I live. The rest of the money goes into government bonds."

THE END

GEE! MUMMY, BUT YOU'RE PRETTY!

THAT'S THE NICEST COMPLIMENT, IRENE! TELL ME HOW YOU KEEP SO YOUNG LOOKING!

OH! I GET MY VITAMINS, YOU KNOW. BY THE WAY, I'VE JUST DISCOVERED A GRAND BREAKFAST CEREAL CALLED **KELLOGG'S PEP**, THAT'S EXTRA RICH IN VITAMINS B AND D. YOU'D LOVE IT!

LATER

INCIDENTALLY, THANKS FOR THAT TIP ABOUT **KELLOGG'S PEP** AND VITAMINS. AND DO YOU KNOW, IT'S THE MOST DELICIOUS CEREAL WE HAVE EVER TRIED!

IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT **KELLOGG'S PEP**! IT'S A SUPREMELY DELICIOUS CEREAL.

CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH EXTRA VITAMINS B AND D. EAT **PEP** EVERY DAY. AND SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER!

Kellogg's PEP
VITAMIN B AND D ENRICHED
30% BRAN FLAKES

Vitamins give you Pep!
PEP gives you Vitamins!*

*Vitamins B and D. Each 1 oz. serving of Pep gives 1/5 of an adult's and more than 1/2 of a child's daily requirement of Vitamin B—as much Vitamin D as a teaspoon of U. S. P. cod-liver oil. These are not the only vitamins you need. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

DID I TELL YOU ABOUT MY WORMING?



Me — I was "sick as a pup." And there was the master poring over the Sergeant's DOG BOOK, wolfing information. "Now I know!" he says, "You've got worms! Let's get 'em!"



So — I go without dinner — and next day he hands me a capsule. "Hmm," I says. "A Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULE, eh?" "No," he says, "you're a big dog now. It's a SURE-SHOT CAPSULE — death on worms too!"



It worked! I feel like a new dog! And speaking of Sergeant's DOG BOOK, it has a swell article by Albert Payson Terhune. Get it free at drug and pet stores, or with this coupon!

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES



POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. GL-3, Richmond, Va.

Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

COUGHS!

Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN

The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief



American Airlines photo.

Choose Your Route . . . A Liberty Prize Will Pay Your Way!

TRAVEL by airway, railway, or highway. Visit the mountains, the lakes, the shore. Take active part in strenuous sports, or relax as a member of the spectator gallery. Stay in hotel, dude ranch, tent, or cabin. Explore the great fairs at San Francisco and New York. Study art in famous museums. Hear inspiring music. Stand where history was made.

No matter what your ideal vacation, America is organized for your pleasure this season as never before—and Liberty adds to your opportunity for fun, relaxation, inspiration, and travel by offering substantial sums to spend for transportation, Pullman accommodations, lodgings, or whatever will make your 1939 vacation the most enjoyable ever.

Last season a joyous group of Vacation Contest winners went their individual ways to vacationland with carefree minds and Liberty cash prizes in their pockets. This year the annual contest offers you the same opportunity. Plan to cash in for yourself—or for a loved one.

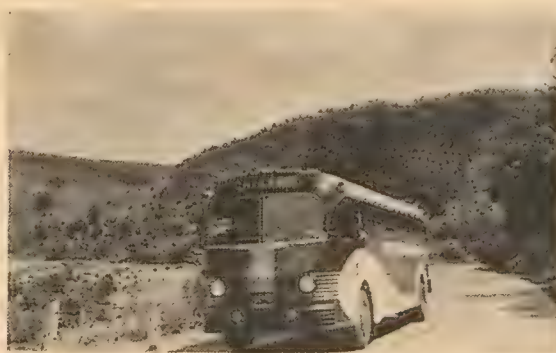
Has your mother a long cherished wish to see some certain place? Why not win this trip for her? Perhaps your father wants to revisit his boyhood scenes, but for financial reasons has postponed the trip from year to year. A Vacation Contest prize would make his wish come true.

Come to think of it, almost every one has a favorite trip in mind and every one has equal opportunity to make that trip a reality by filing a winning entry in this contest.

Liberty's annual Vacation Travel Contest, with cash prizes for many, begins in next week's issue. Watch for it and get your entry off to a flying start. Your chance to win is excellent.



(Above) Greyhound supercoach in the West.
(Below) On a New York State Highway.



(Below) View from lounge end of new-type Pullman restaurant-lounge car.



(Below) The latest Pullman model provides windows for the upper berths.



I MARRIED A NAZI

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME • 32 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

HIS father's toy business requires Eric Traub's presence in Germany. With him go his wife Carol and their little boy Ricky. Carol promises to try to find her physician's brother, Hugo Gerhardt, who is in a concentration camp. This pledge disquiets her husband, still technically a German. And in Berlin Eric's beautiful young stepmother Freda, an ardent Nazi, warns Carol against any such foolhardy search. Professor Gerhardt was a traitor!

Nevertheless, with the help of Kenneth Delane of the American Embassy, Carol traces the missing man, and discovers he is dead—probably summarily executed. She is appalled at that, and also at the implacable persecution of the Jews, and is sorry for the Rappaports, neighbors of the Traubs, who are ostracized.

Beautiful Freda hotly defends the Nazi regime, and makes up to Eric every chance she gets, which naturally disturbs Carol, especially as Eric seems very susceptible. Carol grows unhappy and wants to return to the United States.

His stepmother gives Eric a dinner party to which his old friends are invited, but the reunion ends up in a row between two political opponents, and the Nazi adherent squeals on the critic of the Third Reich. Following this dinner fiasco, Eric comforts Freda, and they confess love for each other.

Very late one night Carol is aroused by strange noises outside. Dr. Rappaport is hiding a wounded son in his garden. Simultaneously the Blackshirts arrive. From a window old Herr Traub's nurse tells them where the younger Rappaport is concealed. The Blackshirts take him away. Horrified at this deliberate betrayal, the sympathetic Carol dresses herself and goes to the stricken family next door.

PART SIX—THE SCHUTZSTAFFEL STRIKES

WHEN Dr. Julius Rappaport opened the door, Carol found she could not talk. The sight of him numbed her. There was something terrible in the man's grief; something shattered and final and beyond all con-

solation. She entered in silence, and he shut the door behind her, and she went into a living room lit by a single shaded lamp.

Hilda was there. The child stood in her nightgown, whimpering, with tears dribbling down her cheeks. On a surge of pity, Carol spread her hands. "Come, Hilda," she whispered. But the girl shook her head in fear, receding into a corner, as though she had learned to dread all strangers.

With a feeling of utter helplessness that tightened her throat, Carol looked about the room. There were crowded bookcases and a piano—relics of a more leisurely day.



"The Schutzstaffel men had orders to arrest every one they found in the house. She was there when they came."

ILLUSTRATED BY
A. N. SIMPKIN

Now, caught in a net of terror, an American girl meets danger with defiance

Where books lay on the small tables, bits of lovely Italian sculpture served as book ends.

She turned back to Dr. Rappaport, to find him staring blindly at the floor. His haggard eyes had a look of incomprehending wonder that added to their anguish.

She began, "I came in to tell you, doctor, how—how desperately sorry I am. If there is anything I can do—"

He wasn't listening. The vagueness of his nod told her that. She had the uncanny impression that he was no longer aware of her presence in the house. He let his long figure sink to a chair and his hands covered his face.

The only sounds in the room were Hilda's whimperings. Carol suddenly sat down. She bit hard into her lip. The desolation of this house was something with which she could not cope. It enveloped her, threatened to stifle her. Impulsively she lifted a pleading hand to Hilda. And now, after a tentative step, Hilda ran to her. The child collapsed against her and broke into sobs.

Carol felt better then. It was good to have something to do. She lifted the girl into her lap and caressed her hair until the whimpering ended.

Only then did Dr. Rappaport raise his head to speak. He spoke not to Carol, not to Hilda, but to some one far beyond them—some one beyond the confines of this room. His voice was hushed and deep and awesome.

"Why do they hate us?" he asked. "What have we done? How have we harmed them?"

Slowly he rose to his gaunt height. One hand groped out to grip the back of the chair as if he needed support. Carol watched him with a kind of terror.

"Day after day I see their savagery become more unbelievable," he said in that strange voice. "They are not content to hate us. They teach their children to hate us. They teach their children to spit at our children. They send their boys to desecrate our temples and applaud them for it. They goad us into crying out in pain. The howl of our pain seems to give them joy. God in heaven, what triumph can they find in our wretchedness? What glory in our torment?"

DR. RAPPAPORT started across the room. He walked like a man in a trance. After two paces he stopped. "For a thousand years we have lived among them. In war we bore arms with them. We died with them. This was our land as it was theirs. We were Germans. We gloried in the greatness of Germany. And now, because we are Jews—"

Those great agonized eyes gazed up at the ceiling, and Dr. Rappaport spread his arms.

"What is the sin in being a Jew? What have we ever asked save that we be allowed to walk humbly with our God? Have we plotted against them? Have we raised armies to march against them? God Almighty, are we abandoned? Is there no hope?"

His harassed stare sank dazedly until it found Carol's face. She was pallid. She sat hugging Hilda tightly.

"Forgive me, Frau Traub."

She tried to answer, and found words futile. Through a blur of tears she gazed at the child. Her hand rose mechanically to stroke Hilda's head.

"Frau Traub." Now the doctor spoke with difficulty. "I—I cannot bring myself to impose upon you further. You have been very kind, very generous. But it is better that you leave now."

She sat still for a long time before she steadied herself. Then she shook her head. "I—I'll put Hilda to bed first," she whispered. "She has fallen asleep."

Dr. Rappaport's face was tormented. "It would be wiser for you not to be here—if they return for me. I should not want them to find you in the house, Frau Traub."

Carol looked at him with stunned eyes. "Why should they come for you, Dr. Rappaport?"

"Now that they have taken my boy, they will think I too know many things."

"Then why don't you go away? Before it is too late?"

"Is there any place to go? . . . No—no. I prefer to wait here. It is better than wandering in the streets." His gaze wavered to Hilda. "I—I have a sister in Nauen. I have telephoned to her. She will come for Hilda."

"Tell me—" Carol bent toward him, her words strained. "Why did they take your son?"

Dr. Rappaport did not immediately answer. When he did, it was with hesitation. "My Gustav is young—and the fires of indignation have burned hot in his heart. . . . He was one of a group who—who disinterred coffins near concentration camps. They opened the coffins of prisoners who were said to have died of—illness. They took pictures of the bodies—pictures that will some day show humanity why and how those men died."

WHEN Carol put Hilda to bed a few minutes later, the child awoke, tossed fitfully, and groped for her hand.

"Bitte, don't go away!"

"No, *püppchen*, no. Go to sleep. I am here."

She sat down beside the bed. In the darkness she let the girl cling to her hand.

Downstairs in the living room, the doctor let his mind grope back over the past hour as he might have tried to recall the events of a nebulous dream. He remembered how his son Gustav had stumbled into the house to sink exhausted to the floor. There had been an automatic in Gustav's pocket—a powerful Luger—and it had banged heavily when he fell. Later Dr. Rappaport had taken the thing and put it away with a shudder of revulsion, as though its touch were contaminating.

He knew with a certainty beyond all reason that he would never again see his son. And it came to him that his life, too, had ended. What more could there be? They had already robbed him of his profession. By edict they had informed him that, despite his forty years as a physician, the fact that he was a Jew rendered him unfit to minister to the Aryan sick. . . . A queer sound, half sigh, half sob, quivered from him.

Dr. Rappaport went slowly to the drawer in which he had placed Gustav's revolver. When he had taken the weapon into his hand, he regarded it meditatively. Was it not the ultimate answer to all doubt?

After a time he sighed again. He put the revolver in his pocket and crossed the foyer to the small room which had served as his office. When he had switched on its light, Dr. Rappaport looked around with the soft, reminiscent smile of one who had not been there in many years. It was a sad smile, yet fond. His gaze lingered on the desk, on the instrument cabinets, on the framed diplomas. He let his long fingers drift in caress over the volumes in the bookcase. The immortal works of Spaltenholz, of Gray, of Virchow, of Sir William Osler . . .

And then, as he gazed at the books, Dr. Rappaport heard something that made him lift his head and listen. Once more the drone of an automobile rose through Havelstrasse. . . .

He knew the significance of that. His face became gray, but his body straightened with dignity. There was one defeat, he told himself, to which he need not submit.

He went to the window. Now he could see the headlights of the car.

The line of his mouth became firm. He watched until the automobile stopped; until four men in black stepped out of it and started across his lawn.

Then Dr. Rappaport took his son's revolver from his pocket. For the last time he raised his eyes to the ceiling. They were calm eyes now. They were beautiful eyes. With the revolver in a hand that trembled, he drew a long breath and whispered slowly:

"*Sh'ma Yisroel Adonoy Elohenu Adonoy Echod.*

Boruch shem k'vod malchuso l'olom voed."

This was the voice of Israel. This was the cry that had risen for centuries from the hearts of his people:

"Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One.

Praised be His name whose glorious kingdom is forever and ever."

He lifted the automatic to his head. The last thing he heard was a kick at the front door and a loud voice calling:

"*Geöffnet, Jude!*"

AT six in the morning Kenneth Delane's telephone roused him out of sleep. He propped himself up on an elbow, a little bewildered, to lift the instrument from the bedside table.

"Ja?" he said, frowning. "Allo?"
The voice that answered was cracked and taut with pain. "Herr Delane," it said, "this is Heinrich Traub. I am calling you because we don't know to whom else to turn. They—they have arrested Carol."

For a second Kenneth's mind felt numbed. He could not stir. The meaning of the words refused to filter into his brain. Then, convulsively, he swung out of bed and words broke from him in a harsh outcry: "What do you mean, arrested? When? What for?"

"An hour ago. The *Schutzstaffel* men had orders to arrest every one they found in the house next door. She was there when they came."

Kenneth could not understand it. And Heinrich Traub told him everything that had happened.

"Eric and Freda," the sick man finished, "have driven to *Schutzstaffel* headquarters. Eric just telephoned. He is desperate. He doesn't know what to do. He says they're holding her. They won't let him see her . . ."

Kenneth Delane reached Columbia Haus within twenty minutes. He was ushered into an antechamber and left to pace the floor in nervous impatience.

PRESENTLY a slim bald man entered. His double-breasted jacket was buttoned almost to his chin. He bowed stiffly.

"Heil Hitler! I do not believe I have had the pleasure of meeting you, Herr Delane, though I know you have been here often. I am Anton von Berwick."

Kenneth telescoped formalities into a curt "*Gut Morgen*. You are holding Frau Traub here?"

"Ja, Herr Delane. It is a regrettable incident. Most unfortunate. I have been questioning her. She informs me that she is an American citizen."

"Exactly. That's why I'm here. What is the charge against Frau Traub?"

"There is no specific charge."

"Then she's not under arrest?"

"Technically, no." Herr von Berwick waved to a chair. When they had sat down, he explained: "Frau Traub spent almost an hour with a Jew named Rappaport just before he shot himself last night. The fact that he committed suicide when our men attempted to take him indicates, of course, that he was in possession of guilty knowledge. We are very anxious to know what he said to Frau Traub before he died. But she—" Herr von Berwick shrugged in the manner of a man who despairs of ever understanding feminine whims. "She insists," he sighed, "that Rappaport told her nothing which would be of interest to us. Which, of course, is absurd."

Kenneth bent intently toward the official. "Herr von Berwick, I know Frau Traub well. I spoke to her father-in-law, and, as I understand it, she went into the Rappaport home

"Boy—the whole world looks swell through a pipeload of VELVET"



Velvet

- the **MILDNESS**
of fine old
Kentucky Burley
aged in wood
- the **FLAVOR**
of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Better tobacco
for both

*Better
smoking
tobacco*

A definition becomes REALITY



re-fine' (re-fin'), v.; -FINED' (-find'); -FIN'ING
[re+fine to make fine; cf. F. raffiner.]
1. To reduce to a fine, unmixed, or pure state;
to free from extraneous matter; to free from
dross; to free or cleanse from impurities.

To make motor oil pure . . . to remove all extraneous and harmful substances . . . to deliver to the motoring public *only the richness of the finest Pennsylvania oil* has been Quaker State's standard of quality for twenty-five years. You will find, as have millions of other car owners, that the regular use of *Acid-Free Quaker State* will make your car run better, last longer. Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa.

Retail price
35¢ per quart



to offer the man comfort after his son had been arrested. She hardly knew him. It is entirely possible that she spent an hour with him without discussing vital political matters."

"At a time like that?" Herr von Berwick skeptically objected. "What could they talk of?"

Kenneth demanded with irritation, "Is it likely that Rappaport would have made any revelations to a complete stranger?"

"That," said the official, "is what we are trying to learn."

"How long do you intend to hold her?"

Von Berwick dubiously glanced at Kenneth's card, still in his hand. "If you wish to wait, Herr Delane, I believe I shall be able to release her within a very short time. An hour at the most."

"May I see her?"

Herr von Berwick smiled his apologies. "I am afraid that would be impossible. She is being questioned."

"Is her husband with her?"

"Not with her, precisely. Waiting in another room."

"Then may I see him?"

"Sicher."

Kenneth was led to an upper floor, where Herr von Berwick opened a door for him, bowed again, and departed. He entered a paneled room, to find himself with Eric and Freda.

They looked harassed. Eric walked about like a man awaiting sentence, his right fist beating into his left palm. Freda sat quite still, her hands folded over her purse, her expression grim. Despite her composure, however, her complexion was ghastly.

Neither of them appeared surprised to see Kenneth. Perhaps they already knew Heinrich had telephoned. With a burst of gratitude that sounded desperate, Eric said:

"Delane! It's mighty good of you to come so quickly. Do you think we can get her out of this? It's awful! We thought if you'd intercede . . ."

"I've already talked to them," Kenneth answered. "She'll be released within an hour."

HE did not watch the effect of his words. He did not listen to Eric's stammered thanks or to the words he translated to Freda. He went to the window and frowned out into early sunshine. It was a diluted golden light, a luminous haze, as unreal as everything else seemed this morning.

While his fingers pattered on the windowsill, Kenneth was puzzled by a feeling he could not explain: an instinctive, almost bristling resentment against Eric Traub. There was no tangible reason for it, he told himself angrily. It was merely a mood. Were they not allied in a common interest for Carol's safety? Why, then, couldn't he feel a warmer attachment for Eric?

With a slight start, he realized that Eric was talking to him; and the desperate note persisted:

"You have no idea how we begged her to stay away from Rappaport. We warned her it would lead only

to trouble. She wouldn't listen. She simply wouldn't listen."

Kenneth replied: "As I understood it, she responded to a very natural impulse. It was, I thought, a pretty generous thing to do."

"Of course it was generous. I'm not disputing that. But how can she expect to get along in Germany if she refuses to see things as they are?"

"My own impression was that she saw things quite clearly. Maybe that's why she went to Dr. Rappaport."

The fact that they were talking in English left Freda watching them without comprehension. In a way, Kenneth reflected, that was fortunate. It made it unnecessary for him to debate Carol's conduct with her too.

"You're being chivalrous," Eric groaned, "but you know as well as I do she had no business calling on a Jew."

Kenneth studied him curiously. "For a man who has spent ten years in America," he remarked, "you have a peculiar attitude. What on earth have you against Jews?"

"It isn't that I have anything against them. I'm just trying to be sensible."

"I'm sorry, Eric. But in this case I must side with Carol. She was being sympathetic."

"Well, you can look at it any way you like," Eric said bitterly. "The answer is that she was arrested."

THERE was a finality about his words, a kind of Q. E. D., that made further discussion futile.

They had to wait more than an hour before Herr von Berwick ushered Carol into the room.

A pale Carol. Tired. With new lines in her face. The Carol who had been subjected to official grilling for more than two exhausting hours.

Eric seized her hands and looked into her eyes with a mixture of anxiety and relief that was like a groan. To ask questions now, he saw, would be useless. He turned to Herr von Berwick.

"Is—*is* she free to go?"

"Gewiss, Herr Traub."

Eric put an arm about her as if she were weak and needed his support. But she did not immediately go. She looked beyond him, at Kenneth Delane.

"It was good of you to come," she whispered. "I—I appreciate it deeply, Kenneth."

They got her out of the building. They put her into the back of Freda's car and sped away. In her weariness she closed her eyes and leaned far back, limp.

"If you hadn't come, Kenneth," she murmured, "I'd probably be behind bars."

"Nonsense!" he muttered. "Von Berwick told me they had no intention of holding you."

At that she smiled without mirth. "Until you arrived they threatened me with all sorts of things unless I told them what Dr. Rappaport had said about his son. They said they'd put me away for a couple of days—or

weeks, if necessary—to give me time to remember more clearly.”

Eric stared at her in horror.

“But when you arrived,” Carol went on in that spent tone, “their attitude changed. There were four of them. They had been throwing questions at me from all sides. Von Berwick went out and returned to report the American *Botschaft* had sent an attaché to investigate why I was being held.

“They seemed pretty angry,” Carol said. “But after you arrived they became very polite—punctiliously polite; so polite that I thought it was some kind of trick. . . . Von Berwick’s last word was a hint that if I were discreet I would sail for home as soon as possible.” . . .

For a full minute they drove in silence. Kenneth Delane finally looked back to study her pallid face. What he saw in it gave him a distinct wrench.

He said tightly, “The wisest thing you can do is get some sleep. I’ll phone them officially later in the day and find out just what your status is.”

SHE was awakened that afternoon by singing and the sounds of marching feet. It was the boys of the Hitler Youth again. They passed several times a week.

Carol did not immediately rise. She still felt exhausted. It had not been easy to sleep, with her mind tormented by visions of Dr. Rappaport; not only of the doctor’s long body stretched on the floor, but of the way he stood in the living room, haggard and agonized, crying out in despair. She supposed she would never forget that.

When at last she rose, she drew on a dressing gown and went to the open window. She gazed across the lawns. Dr. Rappaport’s doors were closed. The windows were locked. The shades had been drawn. She wondered if his body was still there, and a shudder roused her.

From somewhere behind the Traub house came the high voice of Ricky, and Eric’s answer. Carol sighed. She dressed and went down the corridor, to find Heinrich Traub sitting up in bed, his gaze fixed absently on summer skies.

He started when she entered. He reached out anxiously to catch her hand.

“You are feeling better, Carol?” Heinrich asked.

“I’ll be all right. And you, father?”

“I—I have been so worried about you.”

She hesitated. “Well, it’s over now. . . . Tell me—what happened at Dr. Rappaport’s house?”

He was still holding her hand in both of his. He stroked it as he frowned down at her fingers. “His rabbi came with a few men and removed the body. They will bury him at Weissensee, I suppose. There’s a cemetery,” he added slowly, “that has room for a hundred thousand Jewish graves. . . .”

SAVE WITH Spud

NOW AT
POPULAR
PRICES



Yes, famous Spud, the world’s finest mentholated cigarette—at the price of other popular cigarettes!



You pay no premium for Spud but you get one—top-quality tobacco, accented and seasoned with menthol for that delightful, fresh Spud effect.

A welcome change for cigarette smokers—and welcome change in your pocket! Cork or Plain.

Copr. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Louisville, Kentucky



SO PRESENTLY-
I'M PRESIDENT!



Our last club meeting was a riot. Too much talk, too little action. So I said "Girls! Stop chewing over scandal and sink your teeth in something really good. Here's a stick of Beeman's for every one. If you don't vote that flavor tops in sheer deliciousness and refreshing tang—"

Well! They voted Beeman's absolutely IT in fresh, zippy flavor. And they voted me President! Said my choice of Beeman's proved my good taste.

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

Carol watched him, holding her breath. "And—Hilda?"

"Dr. Rappaport's sister took her away."

So that was that, Carol reflected with helpless finality. The end of the Rappaports. . . . For a while she sat silent beside Heinrich; then abruptly rose, her nerves strained.

"Why don't you ask the girl to bring you tea?" Heinrich urged. "It will do you good."

"No, thanks. I don't want any." And she said bitterly, "If only Fräulein Uberholtz hadn't called out to those Blackshirts last night!"

Heinrich did not reply.

"Where is Fräulein Uberholtz today?" she demanded.

"She—she wanted to go out this afternoon."

Carol suddenly faced him, frowning. "Tell me, father. Why do you keep her? I know you don't like her. I know you're afraid even to speak when she's in the room."

At that Heinrich smiled in his melancholy way. "Until you came, Carol," he sighed, "it made no great difference. There was no one for me to speak to, anyway."

"She has always impressed me as a sort of—oh, almost a spy in the house!"

"Not a spy, Carol. That is too harsh. Just a good Nazi. Every good Nazi is a kind of government agent."

"I don't see how you can tolerate her."

"And if she went," he murmured, "would I get some one better? No, Carol, no. I have had—several nurses."

(All Freda's choices, she thought.) After a moment she began abruptly, "Father, I want to talk to you about the factory—"

Then Eric and Ricky came up the stairs, and she stopped.

At the sight of her, Ricky uttered a joyous cry; rushed into her embrace as though she had just returned from a month's journey. She sat down, took him on her lap, gave him a reassuring smile.

ERIC, entering slowly, was far from cheerful. The strain of the night was still upon him, hardening the lines of his face. He sank heavily into a chair, his eyes searching her face.

"Feeling better?" he asked. "Rested?"

"A little."

"What a mess!" He glowered out of the window. "I'd have given anything in the world to avoid it. When you think of what might have happened if they hadn't decided to be lenient . . . I suppose father told you Kenneth Delane phoned?"

"No." She looked up from Ricky quickly, in surprise. "You mean about my—status?"

"Yes. He says they're not planning to drive you out of the country or anything like that. On the other hand, you've established a questionable record that they don't like. And there was no reason for it, Carol—absolutely no reason! . . . First

your interest in Hugo Gerhardt. Then your friendship for a Jew." He shook a hopeless head. "And they still feel, Kenneth said, that you didn't tell them everything that happened in Rappaport's home last night."

"I told them what I could."

"They don't believe it." He rose abruptly, too restless to remain still. "Carol, you brought this thing on yourself. When I think of how we pleaded with you—" A note of despair leaped into his voice. "Freda thinks from now on you'll be watched. In her opinion, the best thing to do is leave Berlin."

"I think so, too, Eric." Speaking quietly, she put Ricky down. "I think we ought to go at once."

"We? . . . I can't leave!"

She stared at him in amazement. "You mean you want me to go—alone?"

"You needn't sail for home," he argued. "You could go to Paris for a few weeks. Or to London. I could pick you up when I'm through here."

"Eric!"

"What's so terrible about it? It's only a matter of weeks."

She said in a determined low voice: "It seems to me that under the circumstances the few extra marks you might get for your factory are of no importance. You ought to take what you can get for the place now. Let's pack and go home!"

FROM the bed Heinrich Traub put in gently, "She is right, Eric. God knows, I don't want to see you leave, any of you. But after what has happened—yes, she is right. You should go home."

Eric uttered an exasperated sound.

"Besides," Heinrich added, "Herr Müller's offer is a fair one. I should be quite satisfied to see you accept it."

"When I can get almost a hundred thousand marks more?"

"I doubt it, Eric."

"But I tell you," he protested, "I've already been in touch with Markheim in Dresden. He'll be here in two weeks."

"What does it matter?" sighed Heinrich. "If your wife wants you to take her home—"

"My wife's desires," Eric snapped, with a sudden loss of temper, "have caused us trouble enough, haven't they? I think it's time she listened to *my* judgment." His tone shocked even Ricky, so that the boy seized Carol's skirt. And she, quite stunned—for she couldn't recall when Eric had ever talked like this before—gaped at him as he paced the room.

(Eric, her mind echoed, you want me to go, so that you and Freda . . . But I won't. I *can't*!)

"It isn't as if I had so much money," he went on furiously, "that a hundred thousand more or less wouldn't matter. I can't afford to throw it away." He halted in front of Carol. "Suppose you do wait for me in Paris. Is there anything calamitous about it?"

"I suppose not." The words shook slightly. "Nevertheless, Eric, I won't go without you."

"Now you're just being stubborn."

"Perhaps."

"What are you afraid of?" His sarcasm, unfortunately, held too much anger to be effective. "That I'll go Nazi?"

She said, "Please! It's silly to quarrel like this."

"I'm not quarreling. I'm telling you what I think is the wise thing to do. Why can't you grant that occasionally one of *my* ideas may be worth following?"

"Not in this case."

"And why not?"

(Oh, Eric, do you want me to *tell* you what I think? Do you want me to *say* it?)

She said with finality: "I'm not going without you. I think you ought to sell out to Herr Müller and come now. But if you won't, then I'll wait."

And he knew he could not sway her. He could see it in her eyes.

FOR days the deadlock between Eric and herself left her despairing. He might pretend this was wholly a matter of business—a practical situation that ought not to be confused by sentimental whims—yet Carol knew he was masking his ultimate motive for wanting to remain in Berlin.

The worst of it was that he was changing in so appalling a way. All his buoyancy had vanished. He was taciturn now, and short of temper, and there seemed no way to penetrate his sullenness.

She took Ricky into the Tiergarten one afternoon because the park offered sanctuary from Berlin's increasing excitement; it offered silence and peace in which she could think rationally. For at home that had become impossible. Heinrich, worried about impending war, kept his radio tuned in throughout the day. You heard from it nothing but cries about Czechoslovakia, the outrage of Moscow's domination over Prague, the indignities which the Czechs, goaded on by Communists, were inflicting upon Sudeten Germans. The newspapers, too, were clamorous with it. It jangled your nerves. It made you watch the skies with apprehension, as though at any moment Russian bombers might roar across the city.

Here in the park, however, she could think. While Ricky played, she sat on a bench, stirred pebbles with her toe, and frowned over her problem.

The only time when Eric had been himself in the past few weeks, she realized, was on the day they had visited Potsdam. That, then, seemed to be the only solution, as long as he refused to sail for home—to get him away again, not for hours but for days. Away from Berlin, away from the factory, away from *Freda*.

And another thing she must remember: She too was, in a way, responsible for this aloofness between them. By going to people like Frau

JEEPERS!

I THOUGHT ALL TOOTH POWDERS WERE
JUST ABOUT THE SAME ...



IRIUM . . . is reason for country-wide switch to PEPSODENT POWDER!

• There's a NATIONAL LANDSLIDE to Pepsodent Tooth Powder!

Over 35 million cans of Pepsodent Powder have already been bought . . . positive proof that IRIUM has "something on the ball"! For remember, *no other* tooth powder but Pepsodent has wonderful IRIUM!

So if you really want teeth that glisten and gleam . . . a naturally sparkling smile of charm and allure, be wise . . . try Pepsodent Tooth Powder immediately!

Why? Because Pepsodent Powder . . . thanks to IRIUM . . . is exceptionally effective. It cleans teeth thoroughly . . .

swiftly removes disfiguring, stubborn surface-stains . . . and polishes teeth to a glorious natural brilliance!

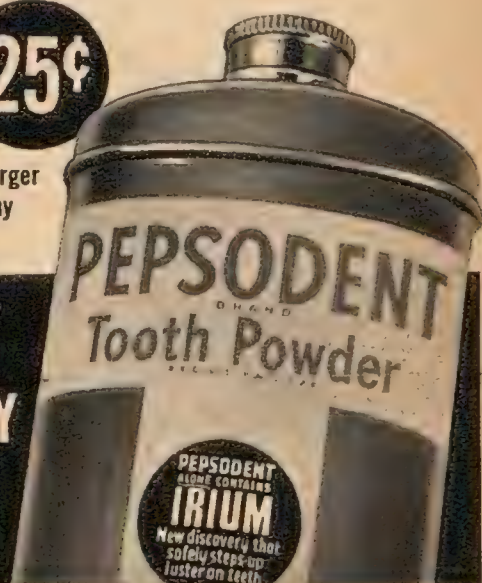
So try Pepsodent Powder. It's effective . . . Safe! Contains NO BLEACH, NO GRIT, NO DRUGS! Order yours now . . . today!

25¢

and Larger
Economy
Size

"Make a Change for the Best"

START TODAY THE IRIUM WAY
WITH PEPSODENT POWDER



7 SECOND MYSTERY STORY



"HOW IN THE WORLD
DOES THE BOSS
REST WHILE WORKING
SO HARD?"



HERE'S HOW he does it. He keeps a package of this famous Beech-Nut peppermint gum on his desk. What a pleasant way to relieve the tension!



One of America's
GOOD habits
Beech-Nut



Visit the Beech-Nut Building at the New York World's Fair. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, N. Y. and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

Gerhardt and Dr. Rappaport she had certainly antagonized Eric. Well, she would do nothing more to offend him now, she determined. She would devote herself solely to recreating the thing which had collapsed. She must!

She felt better, more certain of herself, when she took Ricky home in midafternoon.

A cablegram was awaiting her. It came from Cleveland, and when she had read it she went in to Heinrich.

"Eric will be glad to hear this," she said. "Mother presented all necessary birth certificates to the German consul and my Aryan descent has been officially approved."

"Good," said Heinrich. "It will make matters much easier." He nodded to the telephone. "Better tell Eric. He'll want to communicate with the authorities at once."

So she telephoned the factory. Eric had gone quite early this morning, and Freda, as usual, had driven him; she would have to go on to a camp of the Bund Deutscher Mädel, she had said.

Presently somebody at the factory answered, "Heil Hitler."

Carol said, "May I speak to Herr Traub, *bitte*? This is Frau Traub."

"I am sorry. He is not here."

"He's left for the day?"

"No, Frau Traub; he has not been here at all today."

She stood stunned, and a sudden icy fear assailed her. Eric, leaving with Freda, had spoken of all the work he had to do at the factory. . . .

"Would you mind telling Herr Traub," the man added, "that Herr Markheim called from Dresden at two o'clock and again at four? He wishes Herr Traub to phone back as soon as possible."

"Ye-es, I'll tell him."

"Heil Hitler."

There was a click and she stood holding the dead instrument. The terrible fear grew in her; became unbearable. She didn't dare meet Heinrich's gaze.

"What is it?" Heinrich asked after a moment.

"Nothing, father, nothing! He—he's already left."

It was lovely on the Wannsee. The boat they had hired lay drawn up on the bank. Freda, in a yellow bathing suit that flattered every contour of her exquisite young figure, sat hugging her knees; and Eric lay in the grass beside her, his chin cupped in a supporting hand, so that he could look up into her face. They had been silent many minutes, while Freda gazed across the scintillant water. At last Eric murmured:

"Do you realize how beautiful you are?"

She glanced at him with a mischievous smile. "That is the hundredth time you have said it today."

"Only a hundred? I have thought it a thousand."

Freda laughed. She bent, took his face in her hands, and kissed his lips. "There! Such words deserve a reward."

Again they were silent. Eric plucked a few blades of grass, contemplating them. "I suppose," he sighed, "we're crazy."

"Ach, Eric, must you begin that again?"

"And yet," he went on, as if he hadn't heard her, "crazy or not, I love you."

Instead of replying, Freda began to curl some of his damp yellow hair around her finger.

"I don't know *what* we're going to do," he said with sudden bitterness.

"Oh, don't be so gloomy."

"If I could only stop thinking, stop looking ahead—"

"Why look ahead?" she chided. "Isn't the present perfect enough? Could we ask more of tomorrow than we have today?"

HE gazed up into her face, at the golden hair almost as yellow as her swimming suit. The sun added to its luster and a breeze made the curls quiver.

"No," he murmured. "We could ask little more, I suppose . . . Yet, when I think of Carol and of father—"

She pressed a quick finger to his lips. "Don't! We promised ourselves not to speak of that."

"It keeps tormenting the back of my mind."

She considered, absently opening and shutting the clasp of her bathing cap. Finally she sighed, "Eric, don't you think it's as difficult for me as for you?"

"Of course, *liebchen*. I didn't mean—"

She stopped him with a searching look. "You are not sorry?"

"Sorry?" He sat up at once, indignant. "Don't say things like that. This is the most perfect thing that has ever happened. I wouldn't change a second of it for anything in the world! You know that. The days we've spent together—no, there's never been anything like it in my life."

"Then why have sad thoughts?" she insisted.

"The sad thoughts come only when I think of—them."

Freda contemplated the glittering water. "Well," she said presently, "I suppose there was never love without a touch of heartache somewhere." When she brought her eyes back to his, she smiled bravely. "We are being silly. To spoil such a day with sadness!"

"Oh, I'm not sad, really."

"Then kiss me."

He took her into his arms and kissed her in a way that made him forget all his doubts. And when at last he released her, she ran her fingers through his hair.

"That is better."

A helpless laugh fell from him. "You make everything else seem so unimportant, Freda."

"Why shouldn't we feel that way?" she challenged. "We have so little time. . . . In a few weeks you will

be going back to America. Perhaps forever—"

At that he began moodily plucking grass again, and for a long time neither of them spoke. At last Freda sighed: "You own a factory which is prosperous. And do you stay to enjoy what it offers? No. Instead—"

"You know Carol would never stay."

"Ye-es, I know."

"You can't expect her to feel as I do. She's as fond of America, I suppose, as I am of Germany. She doesn't even understand Germany. She goes right on being American."

Freda didn't answer. Slowly she let herself sink, to lie flat on her back. She clasped her hands under her head and closed her eyes. She stretched her legs out straight. She was beautiful like this, Eric reflected; more beautiful than he could say. He bent over her and kissed her lips.

"If only," she whispered, eyes still closed, "ach, if only you could stay, Eric!"

His heart thudded with sudden recklessness and his voice became husky. "You really want me to, don't you?"

"I have never wanted anything so much in my life."

HE studied her awhile, not daring to utter the impulsive things that thronged to his tongue. Then he turned to frown at the Wannsee. Occasionally Freda opened her eyes to look at him; but she made no attempt to interrupt his reverie. It was many minutes later that she at last rose, shook back her curls, and said regretfully:

"We must go, Eric. It is getting late."

He nodded without speaking. They stepped into the boat and he pushed off and rowed back across the water. His long, hard strokes restored something to his spirit, so that when he paused to rest halfway across, he grinned at her and spoke with his usual good humor:

"Well, *liebchen*, where were we today?"

Freda answered with a demure laugh, "You know where I was. I drove a group of women to inspect a camp of the Bund Deutscher Mädel. We spent practically the whole day there. That's what I told your father before we left."

"And I," said Eric, still smiling, "decided, on the way to the factory this morning, to save time by making a quick trip to Dresden for a talk with Herr Markheim. I reached Dresden at noon, saw him, and left at four." He bent to the oars. "You'd better drop me at the station. I'll take a cab home."

If Carol is forced to leave Germany, what will be the impact on Eric and Freda? Is it real love between them or passing infatuation? Where will their intrigue end? The future is full of pitfalls and quicksands. The tortuous path will call for level heads in next week's Liberty.

AGAIN IN
1939

MORE REMINGTONS will be bought
than any other typewriter..

HERE'S WHY



THE NEW REMINGTON NOISELESS

Writing Perfection with Silence

IN BEAUTY of printwork, faultless manifolding and clean-cut stencils, the new Remington Noiseless surpasses all other typewriters. This is the machine that does everything required of a typewriter not only better but quietly. Here is the one typewriter that gives writing perfection with silence in the private office, the general office and wherever thinking and working is best done in silence. This new Remington is one reason why the typists of America are swinging to Remington.



The Interchangeable Carriage is an exclusive feature of the 17. One Model 17 is easily converted into any one of seven different carriage widths for all wide form work up to 31 inches.



THE NEW REMINGTON 17

The One Typewriter, Completely New

With the exception of the Remington Noiseless, no typewriter ever built has so completely revolutionized all previous conceptions of typewriter value as this amazing Model 17. Completely new, it embodies a host of exclusive advantages for the operator...and for the man who pays the bills. It is the new and acknowledged leader among typewriters of this classification—another reason why again in 1939 more Remingtons will be sold than any other typewriter.

Certainly, a trial
without obligation.
Call any Remington
Rand office today.



Remington Rand Inc.

BUFFALO • NEW YORK

Canadian Headquarters: 199 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada

THE PIED PIPER'S AUTOGRAPH

Liberty's Short Short

BY EDDIE FORESTER

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THEATRICAL press agents never live to ripe old ages—chiefly because during the hectic course of their chosen profession they must ride herd on their share of those precocious youngsters whose flicker charms have made them movie stars. Every other white hair in my thinning crown was put there by personal appearances of kid stars, for during my twenty-nine years of exploiting I've had more than my share.

But there's one smart little glamour boy whose shoes need never be dull—any time they need shining, all he has to do is give me a ring. That youngster is Jimmy Todd.

You undoubtedly remember him; he had a dozen or more box-office records before he was sixteen. The studio is wisely keeping him out of pictures now, in the gangly period.

The first time I met Jimmy Todd was when I was handling publicity for the Rialto in Kansas City and he suddenly shows up in town for a brief stopover on his unobtrusive little holiday trip to New York. It was just a quiet little jaunt—only three shifts of P. A.s at the studio were notifying the world of his movements.

His new picture was booked to open at the Rialto the following week, and the boss decides it would be a great stunt to put on a morning show for underprivileged kids while Jimmy Todd was there—if he would make a personal appearance. The kid's new picture was all about a bunch of poor boys who'd got tough breaks. The newspapers would go for it big, and the stories and pictures would give the picture a big send-off.

I'll never forget that scene in the Mueller Hotel when we presented the proposition to young Todd and his mother, who was traveling with him.

"It won't take a great deal of your time, Mr. Todd," says my boss with the reverence one might show toward a visiting prince of Hindustan. "We'll have a car ready for you, you'll go on about eleven forty, say a few words to the kids, and be back to the hotel in twenty minutes."

"You're an idol to those kids," I put in, in my most persuasive manner. "It will be the biggest thrill of

their lives. We'll have plenty of reporters and photographers there."

The young star couldn't have been more than twelve or thirteen at the time. His hair was slicked back and shiny, he was wearing a wine-red dressing gown with a rich Persian scarf knotted loosely at his neck, and he affected a pose to indicate the whole business was just too, too bore-some and annoying.

After he had pondered the proposal a minute or two he asked: "What about the autograph hounds? Will I be protected from them?"

"We'll take every precaution to keep the kids away from you, Mr. Todd," I assured him. Me with a family of five kids of my own, two of them grown boys in college, calling this pompous little shaver "Mister"!

"Very well," agrees Mr. Todd, with a magnanimous gesture. "I shall make an appearance at your show for the underprivileged boys and girls at precisely eleven forty tomorrow, if you will guarantee I will not be molested by autograph seekers."

"Guarantee I won't be molested by autograph seekers"! mocks the boss, when we leave the hotel. "Why, the pigeon-breasted little squirt! Who does he think put him on top of the heap but those same admirers?"

Through the relief agencies and the charitable institutions, we rounded up a houseful of poor ragged little urchins who seldom had the price of a ticket to the movies. It was the happiest collection of howling humanity I'd ever seen. The boss and

I stood in the back of the center aisle and watched them with a nice warm glow running through our bodies. We'd booked several shorts to lead up to Jimmy Todd's appearance—and the kids were eating it up.

Then, just as the pesky villain of the Hop-Along Cassidy Western was about to get his, the lights on the stage go full up and the picture is cut off right in the middle of a scene.

"What th' heck?" says the boss, starting for the house phone to call the stage.

"Wait!" I cried, grabbing his arm. "Look!"

There, standing in the center of the stage, is Jimmy Todd. He'd made his entrance without an introduction.

"Why, the presumptuous little brat!" explodes the boss, looking at his watch. "I get it! We told him he would go on precisely at eleven forty and it's eleven forty now. Just because the show is a little longer than we planned, he breaks right into the picture to make his appearance!"

The crowd of youngsters gave him a rousing reception.

"Hello, boys and girls," said Jimmy when he had quieted them. "I'm awfully sorry I had to interrupt the picture, but I must catch a plane very soon, and rather than disappoint you, I have butted into the show." The kids give him another big hand, and he signals them to silence again.

"Boys and girls," he goes on, "you've been very kind to me. Now I would like to do something for you. If you will be very orderly and file out into the lobby, I'll be there and give every one of you my autograph."

The next instant he had hopped off the stage and was racing toward the front of the house, the kids trailing along behind him. He didn't stop in the lobby, though, but kept right on out to the street.

Just as the last youngster reached the sidewalk, the crackling flames licked through the drapes and burst with a fiery roar out into the auditorium.

Yes, sir; I'll shine the boots of Jimmy Todd any time he wants the job done. You see, I'd brought my two young sons down to the theater that morning to see their favorite movie star.

THE END

ON THE AIR!

Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WBBM, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEL, Boston; WBT, Charlotte; KNX, Los Angeles. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.





** Reproduced from certified, unretouched photographs of identical foods, refrigerated, uncovered, at comparable temperatures.*

Frigidaire and General Motors Present the World's first "Cold-Wall" Refrigerator

BUILT ON AN ENTIRELY NEW PRINCIPLE!

**Saves Food's Vital Juices from Drying Out
Preserves Flavor, Color, Nourishment—Amazingly longer!**

Now—for the first time—you can store even highly perishable foods days longer than ever before . . . and prolong their *original freshness*—retain their *rich nutritional values*—save their *peak fresh flavor*!

Fresh fruits and vegetables do not lose their attractiveness through wilting, shrinking, changing color! Even left-overs stay as fresh and delicious as when first prepared. Because food is not dried out by moisture-robbing air currents. Odor-and-flavor transfer is also checked.

Here, at last, is the refrigerator that saves not just your food, but the **VITAL VALUES** you pay for in food. And gives you new elegance in its sweeping, modern lines. A

new **MEAT-TENDER** for fresh meats. New **SUPER-MOIST HYDRATORS** that keep vegetables crisper, fresher. New **METER-MISER** that continues to break economy records.

Get Proof—in 5 Minutes—Convince yourself in 5 minutes. Visit your Frigidaire Dealer's store. See *proof* that the new "Cold-Wall" Frigidaire puts you way out ahead, in every vital way—yet costs no more than *ordinary* "first-line" refrigerators. See Frigidaire's other new models, too—for every need and budget. Also the new Frigidaire Electric Ranges and Water Heaters. Every one a great General Motors Value. **FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS SALES CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO.**

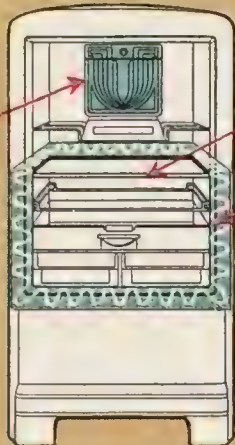


**ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS
QUICKUBE TRAYS**

Imitated but never equalled—Easier to use—just lift one lever and cubes are free, two or a trayful. Built Sturdier. Faster Freezing. Better Looking. Compare—and you'll want only genuine FRIGIDAIRE QUICKUBE TRAYS.

HOW AMAZING "COLD-WALL" PRINCIPLE WORKS

The Super-Freezer freezes ice and makes cold here... as usual.



NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME

① THE NEW "DEW-FRESH SEAL"—A SOLID GLASS PARTITION—DIVIDES THE CABINET INTO 2 COMPARTMENTS.

and

② THE LOWER COMPARTMENT IS REFRIGERATED DIRECTLY THROUGH THE WALLS BY CONCEALED REFRIGERATED COILS.

This provides all 3 essentials for keeping foods vitally fresh *longer than ever before!*—1. Uniform Low Temperatures. 2. High Humidity. 3. No Moisture-Robbing Air Circulation. All without adding a single moving part! AND ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS IT!

CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE... Simplest Refrigerating Mechanism Ever Built—and when parts aren't there, they just can't use current or wear. Completely sealed. 5-Year Protection Plan, backed by General Motors.



FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE METER-MISER

AN hour ago I was riding to death. Literally, I mean. And only by the narrowest margin it was not my own! Sounds dangerous and exciting, doesn't it? It is. Except that, unlike other persons who run long risks for a living, I don't get paid. I'm an interne.

It was a little after 3 A. M. when my signal flashed. The call was in a bad part of town—low-class tenements rather thickly populated with foreigners. I went up four flights, walked into a small evil-smelling room, and there found three ashen-faced husky men—father and two sons, I presumed. They were Italians. They spoke no word but simply stared at the slumped figure of an elderly woman who lay motionless in an old Morris chair. She was dead.

In an interne's list of abbreviations, a case such as this is put down as "D. O. A.," which means Dead On Arrival. Actually, however, it's not that easy, and unfortunately so graceful an exit from an awkward position is not possible. The law requires that the interne make a pronouncement, and also that he does not leave the scene until a policeman has arrived to make a report of the case.

Sensing that this particular proposition would require the utmost tact if I were to escape with my hide intact, I went through the motions of examining the woman with my stethoscope. She had been dead for about half an hour. Those barbarous-looking men were watching me intently.

I knew that they were waiting for me to say something, but I was playing for time. For the only thing I had to say wasn't going to help matters very much. Funny, these foreigners. They have a quaint notion that doctors kill people.

At last I turned to them and said, "This woman is dead." The father glared at me and snarled. "It's a your fault. You no come fast enough. You keela my Rosita."

My single ace in the hole was the timely arrival of a policeman to report the call. The day was saved, but not without my already having been scared out of a year's growth. That's simply an instance of what internes are up against for two solid years at exactly *nothing per week!*

In many hospitals in the country today nurses are working on an eight-hour shift, the latest improvement in their drive for better conditions. Not only have they won their point for a tri-divisional day, but they also have gained higher minimums in the way of wages, so that they now receive a respectable salary.

Nurses, as you probably know, spend three years in training after a high-school education, and then they are considered to have arrived. Internes, with four years of pre-med and another four of medical school, are not even on the way, as it were, when, together with nurses, they serve humanity in some hospital.

Is that exactly fair?



I AM AN INTERNE

In many of the leading cities now legislation is being considered by which funds would be appropriated to pay internes in city hospitals, and by which it would become compulsory that the directors of private sanatoria give financial consideration to the young doctors working on their staffs. If this legislation is enacted, internes will receive a salary of \$1,000 a year.

Please consider that from the time I was graduated from high school—that's ten years ago—I have been a

Riding to death—and for what? . . . A young man asks some vital questions

virtual dependent upon the continued charity of my family. I'm twenty-seven now, haven't yet earned a dime.

Most medical schools require candidates to be equipped with a degree of Bachelor of Science or Bachelor of Arts before they even begin the study of medicine. That's four years of ordinary college at about \$1,500 a year. Then the next four years of medical school cost anywhere from eight to fifteen thousand dollars. Then come two years in some hospital, with the young interne still dependent on father for an allowance.

An interne at a big hospital as-

sumes tremendous personal responsibilities, divorces himself from virtually every outside interest and pleasure. The hours are long. In my hospital, for example, I'm on call for thirty-six hours, then off for twelve. I have one free day a week, and if, after I've paid for the ordinary necessities of life, I still have two bucks left, I'm considered affluent by my fellow internes.

Then there's the matter of responsibility. Life itself is placed in our hands, many vital decisions are left to us, our judgment is expected to be unerring.

Only recently one of my colleagues was assisting at an important operation at which the chief surgeon was opening an abdomen. At the most critical part of the operation, the chief suddenly hesitated, his voice broke abruptly, his knees sagged, and a nurse helped him to a chair—heart attack! He managed to say to the interne, "Go ahead." That's just one instance of real responsibility. There are countless others.

There are all kinds of risks, too. Contagion, for example. And every time the ambulance swings out of the alley, the interne sitting in the back has two strikes on him. It's common knowledge among us that more hospital buses crack up or turn over in a year than the vehicles of any other single interest or industry.

Yet it never has been seen fit to give internes a penny for the responsibilities and risks they assume.

It is true, of course, that we need internships at big hospitals. We need the practical experience which can be obtained only by studying a variety of cases under one roof. But, in turn, the hospital needs us. If it had to retain a staff of regular doctors to assist the executives, the cost would be far more than it could afford.

From the very start of our medical study we have been taught the philosophy of serving humanity selflessly. Money and medicine were not to be spoken in the same breath.

But when an interne, already ten years on the way, already in debt to his benefactor for close to \$20,000, has struggled and squeezed for two years, has worked hard, taken risks and responsibilities—at no pay—is it any wonder that his interest in humanity pales before the desire for cash and comfort? Is it a wonder that fee-splitting and kindred abuses spring up among the young medical men of America?

For four years the idea was driven into us that a large part of our reward would be found in a wholehearted service to the general public rather than any hope of monetary gain. Of course we internes have subscribed to that theory and agree that it is justly so. But would it not be much better if we were divorced from the ordinary financial cares in order to devote ourselves entirely to the job at hand? After all, internes must live.

THE END

I AM A
Psychic
DETECTIVE

"Get out of my house!" Next moment the portrait fell at my feet.

THE OLD LADY OF BATTERSEA

BY HORACE LEAF, F. R. G. S.

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

This amazing story is the second to be told in Liberty by Mr. Leaf. His first appeared last week, and with it his credentials as a responsible and recognized man of science. As he said, he was made aware of his special faculty for ghost laying by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, whom he had accompanied to a house in London that was believed to be haunted by the ghost of Lenin. "No one was more surprised than I was when I laid the ghost!" he says candidly. That was his start. Today ghost laying is his profession, by which he lives. He told last week of a success he had eight years ago in a gruesomely haunted house in New Orleans.

What are we to think of these statements by Mr. Leaf, and of himself? Were he unknown or at all eccentric, we might feel certain either that they were impostures or that their author was self-deluded. But he is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, he has lectured on psychical research in universities the world around, he is obviously balanced, realistic, and sincere, and is still well within the "prime of life." Every one knows of the experiments made by Professor Rhine of Duke University in the field of "ESP." Can it be that Mr. Leaf and his ghost-laying exploits present a scientific problem even more interesting than "extra-sensory perception"?

I SUPPOSE it will surprise you that one supernaturally gifted as a ghost layer—I can hear you laughing!—should need to go to a dentist. But it happens that I cut two quite normal sets of teeth

before I discovered that, under certain circumstances, I could "see things" that most other people could not see, and found myself—much to my surprise—earning my living by doing so.

It was while Basil Trencher, my dentist of many years' standing, was giving the second of those sets their semi-annual going over that he told me of the "haunted" house he owned in the Battersea section of London.

"You know, Leaf," he said, "that I am not a fussy man."

He had two hands, a mirror, and a pair of pliers in my mouth at the moment, so I said nothing.

"I shouldn't have minded a couple of well behaved ghosts in the old house," he continued, in a tone which showed that he didn't believe in ghosts any more than you do. "It was to be expected, I suppose, that a building so old, so somber, and so sparsely occupied should be a prey to its past."

He laughed gaily.

"But, you see," he said, "I had a sort of branch office there, and what I objected to was having my patients continually falling downstairs—and then claiming that some one had pushed them!"

It was bad enough, he explained, when two angry females maintained that he himself had done the pushing. But the crisis arrived when a testy old gentleman, who had suffered a dislocated thigh, threatened to sue on the ground that he had been shoved by "an unseen hand."

At this point, Basil Trencher, who was a man of peace, decided to abandon the old three-story house on Queen's Road, and confine his practice to his principal office, in the fashionable region near Hyde Park.

Financially, the closing of the Queen's Road establishment meant little to the distinguished dental surgeon. Professionally, however, he had valued the wider experience it afforded him. Sentimentally, too, the place had a claim on him. The Trenchers had lived in the old house for generations, and a beloved uncle had left it to him.

There was also the practical problem of what to do with the property. It wouldn't have been readily leasable, anyhow, because of the Queen's Road traffic and the proximity of the railroad. But now, with the reputation it had acquired for accidents and bad luck generally,

Another strange tale from life—A distinguished man of science presents it as fact . . . Is it beyond belief?

there was nothing that could be done with it in an income-producing way.

In fact, no one could be persuaded to live in it on any terms, except a faithful caretaker, who occupied the top floor.

"There is an atmosphere about the place," continued Trencher, "an eerie something which seems to hang like a cloud around it. I can't describe that exactly. It is something that is felt rather than seen."

This detail interested me more than anything else he had told me—"clouds" being among the most dependable signs of ghosts.

"You feel this cloud yourself?"

"I do. In fact, now that I have cut my daily ties with the place, I have become increasingly unwilling to enter the house. Perhaps you had better go out yourself, Leaf, and try your spells on it."

Spells! I am no more of a spell caster than you are, my doubting reader. Perhaps not so much, for you may be a salesman or a musician or a writer for the cinema or an actor or a poet, whereas I am just a plain student of psychical research, who couldn't cast a spell if he wished to—and wouldn't if he could.

The only difference between my relations with so-called ghosts and some other people's is that I get along better with them. Ghosts behave very well for me! The reason, I have always thought, is that I do not think of them as hideous creatures stalking around in sheets, but as restless spirits prevented, for some unknown reason, from getting away from this earth.

Far from casting spells over these poor distracted creatures, I try to reach them and talk to them and comfort them just as if they were living beings in distress, and help them, if I can, to break the unnatural bonds which tie them to a life in which they no longer have a place.

It was in this spirit that I continued my inquiry into the weird doings in the house in Battersea.

"And your old caretaker?" I asked. "Has she had any unfortunate experiences?"

"More than any one else. This evening, if it is convenient for you, I will run you out to Queen's Road, and you can question her."

Shortly after ten he called for me at my rooms in a rakish high-powered sports roadster which he drove through the traffic with an abandon which was much more frightening to me than a hundred ghosts. Yet, when we pulled up at the old Queen's Road house, this man, who had just risked death a dozen times, was obviously afraid to enter the door of his own property.

"Mrs. Toms," he said to the stoutish middle-aged caretaker who answered the bell, "this is my friend Mr. Leaf, and he is to do anything he wishes."

WITH this wholesale certification, he was gone. And I must say that for a few moments after the door swung to, leaving the silent woman and myself in the darkness of the lower hall, the "cloud" to which Trencher had referred seemed thick enough to cut. I could see nothing. All I could hear was the caretaker groping in the shadows behind me.

At length she struck a match. The flame made little headway against the almost impenetrable gloom, but it apparently enabled Mrs. Toms' more accustomed eyes to locate two candles on a small table. She lit both of these, handed me one and took one herself.

"Have you no electricity or gas?" I managed to say.

"Only candles and lamps," she replied.

She seemed so taciturn that I thought it wise to break the ice with a thorough inspection of the premises before embarking on any campaign of inquiry.

The house was high-ceilinged, marble-floored, heavy-molded, like many another in south London. The basement was given over to dining room and kitchen, now unused. The first-floor front had been the dentist's waiting room. Everything was as he had left it.

The first-floor rear was empty. Trencher had not used it. He preferred, so Mrs. Toms said, the better light of the second-floor rear, which was reached by the stairway that had caused so much trouble.

This staircase was somewhat more twisted than is

customary today, but in no sense treacherous in itself. I examined it carefully by the light of my candle—creeping up slowly from one step to another. The treads were worn by many footsteps into an unevenness that should have retarded rather than accelerated a fall.

The second-floor front was a bedroom, now, of course, unused. Mrs. Toms made no move to show it to me.

The second-floor back was where Trencher had done his dentistry. It was from this room that his patients had emerged on to the landing whence, according to their testimony, they had been given the shoves which had sent them hurtling down the twisting staircase.

The top floor was occupied by the caretaker.

"It won't be necessary for me to intrude on your privacy right now, Mrs. Toms, so if you care to leave me alone for a while—"

The good lady needed no further hint, but bolted upstairs to her own quarters. I could hear a door slam and a key turn. Except for the flickering flame of my candle, I was alone in the darkness.

NOW it was inevitable that my curiosity should center on the one room which Mrs. Toms had not offered to show me—the second-floor front.

Here was the very spot where Basil Trencher's patients claimed to have been pushed.

There was a closed door.

Was it possible that the person who did the pushing, whether living or dead, was hidden behind that door?

I groped my way along the wall by my candle's uncertain light. As I opened that door, it failed me altogether.

I didn't bother to relight it. There was enough light from the street to show me the room's contents—a high wooden bed stripped to the mattress, two straight chairs, an overstuffed chair, a worn carpet, and a huge dark-colored tallboy, either walnut or mahogany, which stood like a gloomy sentinel opposite the windows.

On the tallboy, supported by a twisted metal holder, was a large unframed photograph of a very disagreeable-looking old woman—without doubt, a former occupant of the room. In spite of the malignant expression, there was a distinct structural resemblance to the features of my friend Trencher.

Having satisfied myself on this point, I replaced the photograph, drew the blinds tight, pulled a chair to the center of the room, and sat down to wait.

I may have waited half an hour. It seemed much longer. I tried to keep my mind on trivial things unrelated to the night's experience. It was natural, though, that my eyes should wander in the direction of that photograph, and that I should be acutely conscious that those sinister features were staring down upon me.

It was not natural, however—and I was quite unprepared for it—that the portrait, whose outlines I could just make out in the semidarkness, should suddenly rise in the air and fall with a thud on the top of the tallboy.

I had scarcely recovered from the shock of this bewildering occurrence when I perceived a cloud revolving slowly around the prostrate portrait, which forthwith rose to a vertical position and—well, of course, you won't believe me, but I must tell this as I saw it—and *seemed* to come to life.

I rubbed my eyes, to see if I was dreaming; then covered and uncovered them to make sure that the vision I saw was objective. I shall never forget the sneer on that old woman's face, the curl of the lips when they moved as if trying to speak.

"What is it you wish to say?" I asked.

Then clearly came these words:

"Get out of my house!"

Next moment the portrait fell at my feet.

Taking due account of the possibility of some illusion, I considered the strictly physical factors. My chair was a good ten feet away from the tallboy. It was hardly conceivable that the photograph, supposing that it had been simply shaken from its perch by a tremor caused by passing traffic, could have traversed that distance. When I again replaced it, I noticed that the top of the tallboy was covered with a thick coat of dust. The picture itself, and the arms of the chair in which I sat, had been in the same condition. The rest of the house, on the

other hand, even to the steps of the stairs, had been scrupulously clean.

Mrs. Toms, I thought, does not open this door for herself any more than she does for me.

So I went up to her quarters.

"Have you a family living with you, Mrs. Toms?"

"I did have," she answered reluctantly.

It took time, but cautious inquiry elicited from her the information that she had spent eighteen years in this house as Trencher's caretaker. The first thirteen years were uneventful, even happy. Her husband remained healthy and steadily employed. Her two children, a boy and a girl, completed their schooling and became self-supporting. She herself waxed comfortably buxom. Then, suddenly, everything began to go wrong.

Her husband, who had never known a sick day in his life, contracted an incurable lung trouble of which he was even now dying in a near-by nursing home. Although this misfortune was in no way attributable to the ghost on the staircase or to the talking photograph, it was while the husband and father was being removed from the house on a stretcher the ghostly manifestations began. The boy, George, fell down the twisting staircase and broke his thigh. He still walks with a pronounced limp. The daughter, Gracie, fell down it just six months later, and has never since had the proper use of her left arm.

BOTH young people refused to live there any longer. For their mother's sake, however, they refrained for some time from suggesting that the house was haunted. It was only after a visiting friend of the family had tumbled down the same flight of stairs, and swore that she had been ruthlessly pushed by an invisible presence, that the daughter broke down and admitted that she, too, had been pushed.

Since then, Mrs. Toms said, no less than sixteen people had fallen down these stairs, and she herself had been saved by the narrowest of margins.

"Did you, too, feel that you were pushed?" I asked.

"I did."

"Why didn't you move away?"

"It was a good job here."

"Do you know of any tragedy that occurred in this house before all these mishaps began?"

"No, sir. The Trenchers were very quiet people—not only Mr. Basil, sir, but his aunt—"

We had come down now, and were again on the fateful second-floor landing. Although I could not see her face, I distinctly felt that Mrs. Toms had just caught herself up sharply, as if she regretted her mention of Basil Trencher's relative.

"This aunt you speak of—was she a Miss Trencher?"

"Yes."

"Does she live here?"

"She doesn't live anywhere. She's



"A new Ford this Year?"
"It's good business when
you use Universal Credit"

PRIDE of new car ownership is universal . . . and Universal Credit service is making it easy for thousands to drive new Fords now. Over 4,000,000 customers of Ford dealers have financed their purchases this way. They have paid no more for Universal credit which is available to Ford customers exclusively and has these important advantages:

Nation-Wide Service. Your credit with Universal, once established, is good at any Ford dealer's on the purchase of a new or used car. In case of accident, fire or theft, even away from home, quick help is always available through Universal's 150 offices or the nearest Ford dealer who is familiar with Universal Plans and procedure.

Broad Insurance Coverage. New car buyers on Universal Standard Plans receive a standard insurance policy covering fire, theft, collision and other hazards as outlined in the policy.

Low Cost. Despite their many advantages, Universal Plans cost no more, yet provide liberal terms and nation-wide service.

Convenience. Only one man—your Ford dealer—arranges your complete Universal Plan. With many other time-payment methods you see at least three different people. But your Ford dealer handles your transaction in one place, at one time, day or night, with practically one stroke of the pen!

Personalized. Universal Plans are offered with enough variety to enable you to pick the one that suits your convenience.

Continued Cooperation. Universal and your Ford dealer want you for a repeat customer. Continuous friendly relationships and courteous service are assured.

UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY



See your Ford dealer first
Ask for "Universal" credit

Send for these free booklets before
you buy your car!

○ UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan
Please send me:

- ☐ "The Easy Way to Own a Car", or
☐ "How to Pick a Good Used Car"

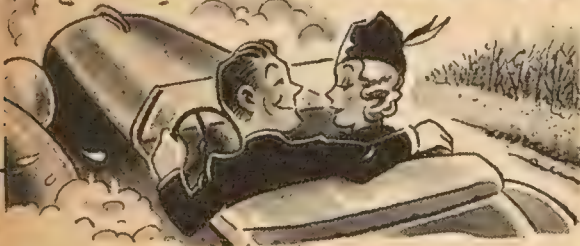
Name 3

Address

City State

**SIGNS
OF SPRING!**

**CLEAN OUT
ANTI-FREEZE
WITH
SANI-FLUSH**



It's time right now to clean out your car radiator. Clean out anti-freeze, rust, scale and lime deposits all in one simple operation. Pour 10c worth of Sani-Flush in the radiator (25c for the largest trucks and tractors). Run the engine. Drain. Flush. Refill with clean water. The job is well done. *Follow directions on the can.*

If you prefer, ask your garage or service station to use Sani-Flush in your radiator to clean it out. Motors run cooler. Power is saved. You may save expensive repairs. Sani-Flush cannot injure motor or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush **Safe**
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN **NOT CAUSTIC**

GUARANTEED:

Buy with confidence
anything advertised in Liberty

WAKE UP

Without Calomel—
And You'll Jump
Out of Bed in the
Morning Rarin' to Go

**YOUR
LIVER
BILE**

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

dead. About five years ago, she was run over, crossing the road outside the house."

"Five years, you say? Was that before or after your husband's first illness?"

"Before—but why do you ask all these questions? Miss Trencher was a 'nice old lady. She couldn't have anything to do with the hauntings. She *couldn't!*'"

I ignored her protest. "In which room did she sleep?"

I could feel rather than see her eyes turn involuntarily toward the closed door to the second-floor front.

"Shall we go in?" I said, just to test her.

She made no reply, and no move. Holding my candle well above my head, I advanced alone toward the door. As I was about to take hold of the knob she shrieked:

"Don't do it! Don't go into that room! You don't know what might happen! She's a fiend, that old woman!"

Fiend? Old woman?

Not a "nice old lady" after all!

Good Mrs. Toms had evidently been restrained by a combination of household loyalty to her Mr. Basil and desire not to stir up the ghostly occupant of the second-floor front. Now, however, the dam was down. Hate, fear, and candor flowed from her like a torrent.

Old Miss Trenchard, in whose room I had had my extraordinary experience, had been an evil termagant, hated by all, especially by those who knew her best. Her habits were intolerably dirty, her behavior indicative of heavy secret drinking. At her worst, her temper waxed so violent that no one dared approach her.

Chief anathema to her hate-distorted mind was nephew Basil. Up to the time of her death she had held her

hatred somewhat in check, presumably because she was totally dependent on his charity. After death, she had seemed still to be somehow in awe of him, for she had made no direct attack on him.

Apparently, though, she had made up her mind to drive him and all other occupants from the building—and was jolly well succeeding in doing so.

By now I was thoroughly convinced that I had found the ghost that must be laid. All that remained for me to do was to win the confidence of that malevolent old woman in the talking photograph.

The task proved far simpler than I had hoped.

From the old lady's own lips I learned that she was unable to find peace because she had died with a grievance. Slightly mad, she had felt that the Queen's Road house, law or no law, belonged to her and not to her nephew, and she was determined that he should never live in it or otherwise enjoy it.

When I convinced her that he thought so little of it that he had no intention of ever crossing its threshold again, she threw me a look of intense relief and straightway disintegrated.

I know you will not believe that I actually talked with this evil ghost, or that such a ghost ever existed. But the fact remains that all those people did fall downstairs, and that all of them claimed they were shoved by a hand they could not see—and that after I had finished with the occupant of the second-floor front no further falls occurred!

Still another truly amazing "case report" for you to ponder will be made by Mr. Leaf, as psychic detective, in Liberty next week!

QUESTIONS



1—His parents were natives of County Galway, but their foine strappin' broth of a bhoys was born at Belfast, New York. He fought under Sheridan and at Harry Hill's. A member of New York's finest, he was world's champ grappler in the Graeco-Roman style, a trainer of Jawn L., and chairman of the N. Y. State Athletic Commission. The early photo (right) is of whom?

2—Which state joined the Union as a sovereign Power?

3—What was the chief objection to the first subway?

4—Who composed the Scheherazade suite?

5—When may the Vice-President vote in the U. S. Senate?

6—Where is Williams College? College of William and Mary?

7—Once it was poona, then battledore and shuttlecock; but the modern game is called what?

8—Bassanio is a character in which of

Shakespeare's plays?

9—How old is the ex-Kaiser?

10—Which President was born west of the Mississippi River?

11—What are four precious stones?

12—Which English actor starred in Grumpy?

13—What will discourage your dog from raiding the neighbors' garbage cans?

14—How many planets are in the solar system?

15—That Alaskan rehabilitation colony is located where?

16—Who perfected the radio tube in 1907?

17—Is the fabulous roc thrown, flown, or a flyer?

18—Which radio program, prepared by Carlton E. Morse, may prove to be The Great American Novel?

19—What is the fat of whales called?

20—Which picture star shares the surname of the twelfth U. S. President?

(Answers will be found on page 60)

Nine Hunted Humans

Out of the West comes their breathless tale—and gives you a four-star film

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ STAGECOACH

THE PLAYERS: Claire Trevor, John Wayne, Andy Devine, John Carradine, Thomas Mitchell, Louise Platt, George Bancroft, Tim Holt, Donald Meek, Berton Churchill, Chris Martin, Elvira Rios, Cornelius Keefe, Florence Lake, Francis Ford, Marga Ann Daughton, Kent Odell, Walter McGrail. Screen play by Dudley Nichols from a story by Ernest Haycox. Directed by John Ford. Produced by Walter Wanger-United Artists. Running time, 96 minutes.

THE best Western since The Covered Wagon!

Two women and seven men, a motley nine, in a swaying stagecoach behind galloping horses. Death rides beside them, behind them, ahead of them. The Apaches under Geronimo are in the saddle and the careening coach is trying to reach safety.

This isn't just a melodrama of the pioneer '80s, when the redskins were making their last desperate thrusts at oncoming civilization. It is oddly intimate, strangely gripping, absorbingly detailed as it reveals the reactions of the nine hunted humans. There's a painted lady whose morals are none too good; and a dissolute doctor, ordered out of the last coach stop; there's a bad man with a price on his head; the Ringo Kid, trying to get to the next stop to shoot it out with the three killers of his brother; there's a young wife seeking her army-captain husband; there's a fron-

tier gambler who once was a Virginia gentleman; there's a timid little liquor salesman; there's a banker with a strange black bag—and there's a cold, hard sheriff.

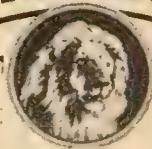
If the ride of the nine through the desert country doesn't enthrall you, I don't know movie audiences. For Stagecoach has everything: sweep, action, sympathy, humor. And performances! John Wayne, who has been doing little Westerns for a long time, rides out of the pages of our West to success as the Ringo Kid. He makes the ruthless gent a real, hard-bitten frontiersman. Claire Trevor is splendid as the girl shunned by outpost women. But Thomas Mitchell darn near steals the film as the drunken frontier doctor who laughs in the face of death—and takes another drink.

VITAL STATISTICS: John Wayne started as a screen actor in 1931 with this same megaphone wielder, John Ford. Out of the University of Southern California, where he had played football, he had gotten a job as assistant property man. Ford needed an actor for a bit; Wayne was it. In no time at all he was playing leads in horse operas. And he's gone his way doing 'em. Wayne, whose real name is Marion Michael Morrison, hails from Iowa. . . . John Ford has made films for twenty years. His best job was The Informer, for which Dud Nichols also supplied the words. He made that epic of nasty weather, Hurricane, too. . . . Louise Platt is the daughter of a United States navy lieutenant commander-physician. She went to high school in Manila, was educated at six of Uncle Sam's distant outposts. Her first film role



Claire Trevor and John Wayne in the exciting Stagecoach.

The
LION'S ROAR



Published in
this space
every month

The greatest
star of the
screen!

March comes in like a lion. (adv.)

★ ★ ★ ★

At the moment of figure-skating to press, we're wondering about your reactions to *The Ice Follies of 1939*. Wasn't Joan Crawford a good skate? Weren't her scenes with Jimmy Stewart really entertaining? Did you thrill to the technicolorful ice ballet?

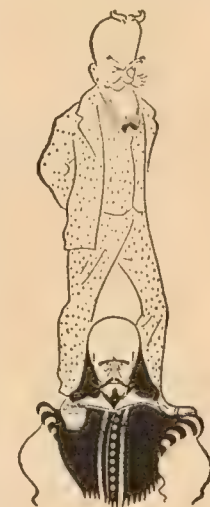
★ ★ ★ ★

Or are we too inquisitive?

★ ★ ★ ★

Below is a picture of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

★ ★ ★ ★



He is standing on the shoulders of Mr. William (Bard of Avon) Shakespeare.

★ ★

That is where Mr. Shaw says he stands. It's his way of describing the natural advantages which made him able to write his first motion picture "Pygmalion".

★ ★

Mr. Shaw confesses that his film is wonderful and advises that each person should see it at least twenty times. We have written the Shavian epitaph: Author, Critic, and Salesman.

★ ★ ★ ★

Singing West, open plain, and great outdoors—action and more action!

★ ★ ★ ★

In other words, Nelson Eddy in "Let Freedom Ring", plus Victor McLaglen, Virginia Bruce, Lionel Barrymore and Edward Arnold. Let Freedom Ring! So say we all of us.

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Wizard of Oz", now in production, will be the last word. Keep this confidential.

★ ★ ★ ★

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Did you receive the photo of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy? Or the one of Mickey Rooney in "Huckleberry Finn"? We now present Miss Joan Crawford. Address Leo M-G-M Studios, Box L, Culver City, Cal.



Yes, Lew Ayres' appearance in Joan's skating picture is just a gay interlude. He returns to the bedside manner in "Dr. Kildare's Mistake".

★ ★ ★ ★

Johnny Weissmuller will soon appear in the newest "Tarzan" film. Oo-ee-oo-ee!

—Leo

TROUBLED BY CONSTIPATION?

Get relief this simple,
pleasant way!



1. TAKE ONE
or two tablets of
Ex-Lax before retir-
ing. It tastes like de-
licious chocolate. No
spoons, no bottles!
No fuss, no bother!
Ex-Lax is easy to use
and pleasant to take!

2. YOU SLEEP
through the night
... *undisturbed!* No
stomach upsets. No
nausea or cramps.
No occasion to get
up! Ex-Lax is a gen-
tle laxative. It acts
overnight — *without*
over-action.



3. THE NEXT
morning you have a
thorough bowel
movement. Ex-Lax
works easily, with-
out strain or discom-
fort. You feel fine
after taking it, ready
and fit for a full
day's work!

Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the
family—the youngsters as well as the grown-
ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.
Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Advertisements Guaranteed

Everything advertised in
Liberty is guaranteed by
the publishers to be as
represented. Every adver-
tisement in Liberty is
examined to avoid mis-
leading statements and
false claims. Readers may
buy with confidence.

was the second lead in *I Met My Love Again*. The
gal has promise. . . . John Carradine is famous
in Hollywood for his trick high-powered auto,
capable of 110 m. p. h. and loaded with more trick
gadgets than a round-the-world plane. His mother
is a practicing physician in a New York charity
clinic. . . . The sheriff comes natural to George
Bancroft, who made his first hit thirteen years ago
in *The Pony Express*. . . . Tim Holt, Jack's
son, rides neatly as a lieutenant of cavalry. At
Culver he rode with the famous Black Horse
Troop. He married during the making of *Stage-*
coach, took his bride on location. . . . Thomas
Mitchell has written for the screen, aided in di-
rection, acted.

★ ★ KING OF THE TURF

THE PLAYERS: Adolphe Menjou, Roger
Daniel, Dolores Costello, Walter Abel, Alan Dine-
hart, William Demarest, Harold Huber, George
McKay, Lee M. Moore. Screen play by George
Bruce. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Produced by
Edward Small-United Artists. Running time, 88
minutes.

SOMETIME the horse with our
jockey up isn't going to win. The
idea is revolutionary—but there it is,
Hollywood, take it or leave it.

This yarn follows the ponies; but

The weekly \$10 prize for reviews covered in
the February 11 issue of *Liberty* has been
awarded to Mrs. W. J. Clark, 1917 Marengo
Street, New Orleans, La., for a review of
Huckleberry Finn.

it's one of those stories you just can't
believe. Once a wealthy owner of race
horses, Jim Mason has become a
down-and-out track follower. He
climbs into a horsecar to bum his way
South—and meets a kindly stableboy.
They become pals and the boy helps
him stage a comeback. In no time at
all he's in the money again, the boy
is riding his winner, when—you've
guessed it. The boy is his own son by
a marriage that went to the dogs in
the old prosperous days.

Adolphe Menjou does all he can
with the father; the new juvenile,
Roger Daniel, who scored in *Boy*
Slaves, is the son; while Dolores Cos-
tello is the long-forgotten wife, now
happily remarried. They labor hard,
but the story never becomes believ-
able. Worse, Mr. Menjou has to talk
about clean, beautiful memories that
stir him as sunlight through stained-
glass windows. In brief, the repartee
sounds like movie subtitles of 1919.

VITAL STATISTICS: Smokey Saunders, who
was up on Omaha in the Kentucky Derby of 1935
and won, was called in to train Roger Daniel for
his playing of the jockey. . . . Eli Crutch,
bookmaker for nearly half a century, sat beside
the director to O. K. all the betting moments.
That's care, that is. . . . Dolores Costello, who
was Mrs. John Barrymore, is the mama of two
Barrymore offspring, John and Ethel. Daughter
of first film idol Maurice Costello, she started act-
ing at six. . . . Maurice was an extra in the
track shots. . . . Director Alfred Green knows
his horses. He was the first president of the Holly-
wood Turf Club. A lot of the scenes were shot
there. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty
to Animals permits race horses to do three short
or two long runs twice a day. So Director Green

used exactly thirty-six equines to play the twelve
mounts in the race sequence. Green interviewed
sixty-five horses to get the thirty-six.

★ ★ NAVY SECRETS

THE PLAYERS: Grant Withers, Fay Wray,
Dewey Robinson, Andre Cheron, Robert Frazer,
Craig Reynolds, George Sorell, William von
Brincken, Joseph Crehan, Duke York, Arthur
Housman. Screen play by Harvey Gates from a
story by Steve Fisher. Directed by Howard
Bretherton. Produced by Monogram. Running
time, 62 minutes.

MYSTERIOUS foreign Powers are
after our military and naval
secrets again. Once more they must
have those precious plans. This ver-
sion is full of plot, but it does step
along, and is well enough acted.

A strange gang is trying to get
possession of some navy plans—and
a young petty officer ashore, subbing
for a pal locked up in the brig, meets
up with the friend's girl, and the two
of them get involved. In no time at
all the gang is after them and a mys-
terious envelope. To tell you more
would spoil the surprise.

VITAL STATISTICS: Grant Withers went to
Kemper Military Academy at Boonesville, Mis-
souri, landed in California, was a reporter on the
Los Angeles Record. One of his first assignments
was to help cover Wallie Reid's death. He never
met Mrs. Reid until he started work on this film.
Mrs. Reid is now Monogram's story editor.
Withers broke into films playing a reporter,
climbed fast. . . . Hazel-eyed, dark-tressed Fay
Wray is a versatile gal. Recently she wrote a
play, *Angela Is Twenty-Two*, with author Sin-
clair Lewis. You remember her best when she
wriggled with horror in the giant palm of King
Kong when he climbed around the top of the Em-
pire State Building.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—*Idiot's Delight*, *Made for*
Each Other, *That Certain Age*, *The Sis-*
ters, *You Can't Take It with You*.

★★★½—*Ice Follies* of 1939, *Jesse*
James, *Gunga Din*, *Walt Disney's*
Shorts, *Sweethearts*, *If I Were King*,
The Great Waltz, *Men with Wings*,
Spawn of the North, *Angels with Dirty*
Faces, *The Lady Vanishes*, *Four*
Daughters.

★★★—*Yes, My Darling Daughter*,
Love Affair, *The Three Musketeers*,
The Mikado, *Café Society*, *Huckleberry*
Finn, *Wings of the Navy*, *Persons in*
Hiding, *They Made Me a Criminal*,
Honolulu, *You Can't Cheat an Honest*
Man, *The Beachcomber*, *Pacific Liner*,
Zaza, *Tail Spin*, *Kentucky*, *Stand Up*
and Fight, *Pygmalion*, *The Great Man*
Votes, *Christmas Carol*, *Trade Winds*,
Dawn Patrol, *Out West with the*
Hardys, *Submarine Patrol*, *Dramatic*
School, *Just Around the Corner*, *The*
Shining Hour, *Sixty Glorious Years*,
The Cowboy and the Lady, *Gangster's*
Boy, *Brother Rat*, *Suez*, *The Arkansas*
Traveler, *Mr. Wong Detective*, *There*
Goes My Heart, *Service de Luxe*, *Room*
Service, *Garden of the Moon*, *Carefree*,
Boy Meets Girl, *The Road to Reno*.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 58

- 1—William Muldoon.
- 2—Texas.
- 3—The steam engines which hauled the cars
made it unpleasant for the passengers; also, Lon-
don's first subway was said to be poorly located.
- 4—Nikolay Andreevich Rimski-Korsakov.
- 5—As the Senate's presiding officer, to break
a tie.
- 6—Williamstown, Massachusetts. Williams-
burg, Virginia.
- 7—Badminton.
- 8—The Merchant of Venice.
- 9—Eighty.

- 10—Herbert Hoover, who was born at West
Branch, Iowa.
- 11—Diamond, emerald, ruby, sapphire.
- 12—Cyril Maude.
- 13—Red pepper.
- 14—Nine.
- 15—At Matanuska.
- 16—Dr. Lee De Forest.
- 17—A flyer.
- 18—One Man's Family.
- 19—Blubber.
- 20—

Robert Taylor

LIBERTY,

REHEARSAL FOR

Love

BY FAITH BALDWIN

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

B LINDLY Kathleen went down the subway steps. The uptown local station was not yet crowded. She sat down on a bench and opened her paper with shaking hands. She read the headlines and the facts which followed them. She read of panic and the screams of trapped men. She felt so ill that she was afraid to move. A train roared in and roared out again. Crowds pelted down the stairway. Kathleen rose and went on back up to the outer air. She left the newspaper where it was.

She taxied home, recovered but still shaken. When Hannah came in, flinging her hat aside, commenting profanely on the unseasonable warmth of the weather, she had herself under control. They were going out that night. Sammy was giving a staff party. And Hannah, lounging in the doorway of Kathleen's bedroom while Amelia set the table for dinner, said, "I suppose you saw the papers?"

"I saw them," said Kathleen.

"Tough," said Hannah. "There's bound to be an investigation. I wonder if you'll be called?"

Kathleen cried, white, "Oh, I hope not! . . . I don't see why. . . ."

"You might be," said Hannah thoughtfully. And Kathleen had a vision of herself on the witness stand. "Your position in the company?" they'd ask her. And she'd say, "Mr. Bell's personal secretary." Then they'd ask, "You knew a good deal about the methods of the company?" "No," she would tell them, "I knew nothing. . . ." And if they pressed her, if they inquired, "Just what were your relations with Mr. Bell?"

If it came, it would come. She would have to face it.

Sometimes it was harder to be right than to be wrong. She could take the paper to Pat, she could point to the headlines, she could say, "That was why."

But there would be no triumph in it.

There was more to follow—the hideously personal interviews with the widows of the dead men, the pictures of children clinging to their mothers' skirts, or with their small heads bowed in pictorial prayer. There were more pictures taken at funerals, and there were photographs of Pat and a garbled description of his Riverside Drive

Kathleen cried, once, "No!" And then, "No, Paul!" But he did not, or would not, hear.

apartment, "the epitome of luxury," a biographical account of his life to date, and of his father's, an interview with his mother. "Molly never said that!" exclaimed Kathleen, outraged. And an item concerning his "beautiful sister at a fashionable finishing school."

A week passed before she could find courage to go see Molly. When she did, there was considerable delay before she reached her. A strange man at the door put her through a catechism. Who was she? Why had she come? Then Molly, running along the hall, crying angrily, "Let her in! What's the matter with you?"

She looked badly, her round face drawn. She drew Kathleen into the living room, and said apologetically, "Ever since that fool girl reporter got past the door, Pat's hired this man to keep people out."

Kathleen said, "I wanted to come sooner. I lost my nerve."

"I understand. Thanks for coming at all." Molly sighed. She said, "I can't believe the things they hint. . . . They daren't come right out and say them. I can't believe them, Kathleen. Do you?"

The brave blue eyes, red-rimmed, looked straight into hers. Kathleen tried to say, "Of course not." She did say it with, she thought, conviction. But Molly shook her head.

"You're just saying it to help me. You do believe . . . you have—reason to—" Her eyes filled with difficult tears. She added, "I'm afraid for Pat. He won't sleep, he won't eat. He tramps around the house nights."

"I'm so sorry for him," said Kathleen, with utter sincerity; "for all of you."

Pat's mother spoke slowly. She said, "There'll be an investigation. There's bound to be, with all this political shake-up and an election coming on. It may be delayed. But you'll see. By autumn anyway."

There wasn't much Kathleen could do or say. She

Storm, tragedy, peace . . . A vivid novel sweeps to a climax crowded with thrills

stayed long enough to drink the tea Molly provided, and then left her.

The nine days' wonder died. She heard nothing of Pat, except now and then a mention of the impending investigation. She told herself repeatedly, If they call me, I can't tell them anything. I wasn't part of the business. I only guessed. But if they guess that I guessed . . . ?

She remembered the letter, the special bank account, the telephone call. If they asked her what she remembered?

Paul asked one night:

"You're worrying about the Bell investigation, aren't you? I heard it will take place in late September."

"Of course I'm worrying," she told him sharply.

"You think you'll be called?"

"Won't all his office people be subpoenaed?" she inquired. . . . "I should think it very likely. I'm getting frantic letters from Jim Haines."

It was Jim's chance to get even. He wrote, "When I first read about it, I was glad. Here was my chance to cut his throat and go scot-free. I know enough to hang him. The prosecution wouldn't need any other witness. Bribery of inspectors, bribery of the higher-ups—and all the way down the line. I was so glad when I read that first headline I could have yelled. But I've been thinking about it. They'll call me for sure, and I don't want to be called. I can't do it to him. I can't, because I hate him. It's too easy. It's a laugh, isn't it, wanting to obstruct justice because I hate the guy who should be punished? But how could I clear myself with myself? I couldn't be sure that my evidence wasn't for revenge, a cheap sort of thing. What must I do?"

She couldn't tell him. This was his responsibility, not hers. She couldn't say, "Do this, do that."

Paul asked, "If you went on the stand, would you protect him?"

She looked at him with haunted eyes.

"I don't know," she answered slowly. "I can't bear to see him defeated. I can't endure to have Molly—but—"

"But you can quit him because you knew he was crooked?"

"I never told you so!"

"My dear, I'm not as stupid as that. Besides, Hannah talks too much—she offered me a hypothetical case . . . very hypothetical."

She said dully, "I don't know what I'll do, Paul. The occasion may never arise. In Jim's case it's different. He'd be an important witness."

"He has it in for Pat," said Paul; "he told me so, that night."

She asked, "Did he tell you why?"

"No. But a man doesn't want to kill another man without a fairly valid reason—money or a woman. It wasn't money; I take it." He looked at her sharply. "Hence I suspect it was a woman. I knew about his wife in the asylum. He told me that night. He told me later. I put two and two together."

"Please, Paul—"

"O. K. I'm not asking for confidences; I didn't from him. What I'm trying to get at is, he has a personal grudge. He can wipe the slate clean at the trial—if he wants to."

She said, "He doesn't want to—because it is a personal grudge."

"Haines," said Paul after a moment, "is regular. Maybe his ethics are cockeyed. I don't know. But not many of us stop to consider our own motives."

The long summer dragged on, hot and breathless. Kathleen remained in town most of the time. Occasionally she went visiting, week-ends. During the weeks there were outdoor dining places in town or dinner somewhere, an hour's run out. . . . There was always some place to go, people with whom to go. And Hannah suggested:

"Let's take a vacation in September, after the fall showing. I'll wait for you. We'll take it together. Rosa will give you a week, anyway, even if you don't rate it yet. And Joel suggested that we take his house on the Island. The kids will be back at school then. It will be after Paul's opening. It all works out. We can go down

there and loaf and ride. Joel will come down for the week-end, and longer, if he can get away. He's got an elderly cousin there, housekeeper-manager. She'll do for the conventions. How about it?"

"I'd love it," said Kathleen.

Paul's play opened just before the middle of September, on a Monday. On the following Friday Hannah and Kathleen were to leave for the Ransom house. They would see Paul there, as he had announced his intention of going down to his shack after the play opened, to rest and perhaps block out the new play about which he had been thinking.

There was a good audience, carriage trade, the women displaying the usual ermine and mink, despite the fact that it was a very warm night. The critics were there, the Hollywood scouts and three cinema stars who happened to be in town. Park Avenue came, and Fifth, and the usual group of writers, artists, actors who were "resting," night-club people, Broadway.

"Holy cat!" said Hannah, just after they were seated.

"What's the matter?" asked Kathleen.

Joel was with them, Sammy and Rosa Davenport, and two or three others. Paul was in the back of the house, in hiding.

"Look over there, third row, center."

Other people were looking at Pat and Sandra. Sandra was nakeder than the occasion called for, her yellow hair on top of her little head and a jeweled bird glittering in a riot of curls. "Well," remarked Hannah, "it appears that, after all, there are birds in last year's nest."

Pat did not look as if very shortly he would face an investigation which might mean the business ruin of his life. He looked serene, complacent, confident.

"What's the gal doing these days?" inquired Hannah, "other than luring our feathered friends to her top-knot?"

"I don't know," said Kathleen. "I read she'd left the Roof—"

"Probably raised it!"

The lights dimmed, people came in, falling over other people; the usual social rudeness was in full swing. The curtain rose.

From the first, the play could hold them; the rustling stopped, the coughing. When the curtain fell on the first act, there was a tremendous round of applause. "Oh," cried Kathleen, her eyes shining, "he's done it! . . ."

"Sure," said Hannah, "I knew he would."

BUT she still didn't know what it was all about. The play affronted her, made her feel small and mean. She didn't like the sensation. Joel Ransom touched her hand. He said, "It's very good, isn't it?" and she nodded. He added, "This means as much to you, I suppose, as to him."

His eyes were clear and unhappy. Hannah felt a rush of affection for him. Stable and good and decent. He didn't make her feel mean and small and futile; he made her feel important. She slid her hand into his, smiling and wordless.

"Let's find Paul," suggested Kathleen.

Hannah made up her mind. Her heart was wrenched in her breast and her eyelids stung. But she said, "You find him, Kate. Joel and I are going to stay here. I can't face crawling out and crawling back again. . . ."

Rosa and Sammy had gone out to smoke. Kathleen made her way out, looking for Paul, but he was nowhere to be seen. Pat Bell, standing with Sandra and a group in the lobby, left them and came to her.

"I expected to see you here. That's why I came," he said.

"Oh, hello, Pat. It's a very fine play, isn't it?"

He shrugged. "Search me. I'm not high-brow. You're looking—marvelous." He added, "Thanks for going to see mom. She needed it."

"That's all right. I wanted to go," she said.

"Go on," he said, "say it. Say 'I told you so.'"

She looked at him, her eyes luminous. "Why should I?"

"You wouldn't," he said. "Of course, I might have known. Look. I'll do my best to keep you out of this mess, Kathleen, you know that."

Sandra detached herself from the group. She came up and slid her arm through his. She ordered, "Come along, sugar, we've got to get back to our seats." She viewed Kathleen, smiling. She asked, "How's the shop, Miss Roberts?"

"Fine," said Kathleen. "You haven't been in to see us lately."

"No, I like a change," said Sandra carelessly. "You can understand that. You ran out on Pat, didn't you?"

"Sandra!" said Pat warningly.

"Perhaps you had your reasons," said Sandra; "rats do, when they leave a ship—"

She pulled him away and they were lost in the crowds hurrying back to their seats. Kathleen followed slowly. That was that, she thought dully.

At the end of the second act she remained in her seat. And in the beginning of the third there was a slight commotion in the audience which distracted them and the players. Some one was leaving, deliberately. Kathleen, turning angrily, saw a slim woman hurrying up the aisle alone. The audience settled back again, the third act played itself out to its dramatic conclusion. The curtain fell and there was cheering. How long had it been since a theater had rung to cheers? People were standing up, clapping, calling for the star, for her leading man, for the young girl new to Broadway who had made her name tonight. For Paul. . . .

He came out presently, looking haggard and unusually ill at ease. His curtain speech was very short. Kathleen, standing, clapping with the rest, her heart singing for him, looked along the third row center. Pat was still there, standing with his hands in his pockets. Sandra was not visible.

It had been Sandra, then, who had left. They had quarreled in the interlude between the second and third acts and she had gone. . . .

Kathleen's party surged out to the lobby, waiting for Paul. They found and took him, unprotesting, back to Hannah's apartment—Joel and Hannah, Kathleen, Paul, the two Davenport, and the rest.

"To your further success, my lad," said Hannah, toasting him.

He said, "It wasn't success I was after. Not as you understand it, Hannah." He looked at Kathleen. He said, humbly, "If I've made them stop and think, just for a minute, that's all I want."

She said, smiling, "Don't worry, because it will be a success too. It won't hurt you, Paul—this time. . . ."

"The Hollywood scouts were around," he said.

"So what?" she demanded.

"So I stay here," he told her, "and go to work again."

THE Ransom house was a big affair, sprawled out on the sands. It bulged with bay windows and great glassed-in rooms toward the sea. The living room was sixty feet long. The bedrooms were spacious, many-windowed, and smelled of lavender and

Is it true what they say about COFFEE?

If all the conflicting stories you hear about coffee were true, this most popular of beverages would be both Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde—a friend and a foe of mankind. But which is it? Here's a chance to test your knowledge of the subject. Just put a check mark in the "true" or "false" squares below—then compare your answers with the facts as given at the end of each statement.

TO DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS: We will furnish on request references to the authorities on which all statements made here are based.



COFFEE AT DINNER PUTS YOU TO SLEEP.*

True? ☐ False? ☐

Coffee at dinner picks you up. Coffee helps to relieve fatigue, quickens the mind. Conversation not only seems brighter over a cup of coffee—it *is* brighter. But in 97 out of 100 cases, this pick-up lasts only two hours. So if you dine two hours before bedtime, you can enjoy that delicious cup of coffee at dinnertime and still be ready to sleep the instant your head hits the pillow.

Statement in the headline above* is False.

NATIONAL MORALE, IN PEACE OR WAR, DEPENDS ON COFFEE.*

True? ☐ False? ☐

"I venture to predict that nothing could so break down public morale, and either drive us to war or the conclusion of an unsatisfactory peace, as the stoppage of the public's morning cup of coffee." These words were uttered by a high-ranking naval official, testifying before the Senate Naval Affairs Committee (HR 9218) in defending the listing of coffee as one of the imported products indispensable to national security and defense. Statement in the headline above* is True.

Statement in the headline above* is True.

COFFEE HELPS YOU LOSE

WEIGHT.* True? ☐ False? ☐

Coffee without milk or cream adds practically no calories to the diet. In addition, it mildly assists metabolism. Therefore, if you are trying to cut down on the amount of food you eat and yet want to be sure that what you eat is consumed in the body, coffee is a definite help. Statement in the headline above* is True.

To make good coffee use enough—a heaping table-spoonful for each cup!



Copyright 1939, Pan American Coffee Bureau, New York City

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA

HEAVY BODY 3-IN ONE IS THE SAFE OIL FOR WASHING MACHINES

Made especially for washing machines—to keep them running smoothly and quietly. Its triple-action: Lubricates, Cleans, Prevents Rust and Tarnish.

At Hardware, Drug, Grocery, 10¢ Stores.



3-IN-ONE OIL



WE don't say you'll feel like giving a song recital, BUT—if constipation's taken the joy out of life—try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum way to relief. What a difference it makes! And it's so easy to take. You simply *chew* it to get all its famous benefits. No wonder folks exclaim: "FEEN-A-MINT seems just like magic!" Try it yourself—*today*.

FEEN-A-MINT TASTES LIKE YOUR FAVORITE CHEWING GUM!

MEET THE



Liberty Girl

PATRICIA MURRAY

A lot of you folks will be traveling to New York this year to take in the World's Fair. And when you do, stop in and see Patricia Murray, the Liberty Girl—in person and on the screen.

At the

**NEW YORK
WORLD'S FAIR**

(Watch Liberty for Further Details)

INVENTORS

Don't risk delay in patenting your invention. Send sketch or model for instructions or write for new 48-Page FREE booklet. No charge for preliminary information.

CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN and HYMAN BERMAN
Registered Patent Attorneys
310-H Adams Building Washington, D. C.

salt. You slept to the sound of wind and waves.

When Kathleen arrived with Hannah and Joel that Friday, it had turned too cold for bathing, but they bathed nevertheless, emerging half frozen but laughing, running back to the game room enveloped in toweling robes while Joel mixed them a drink. The elderly cousin, Mrs. Keates, was pleasant, unobtrusive, and evidently delighted with them. She said she missed the children, now back in the town apartment with their governess.

Kathleen found herself, in a sense, very much alone. She liked it. Joel and Hannah were there of course, but she felt shut out of the charmed circle which Joel drew around the other girl. She was glad and hopeful for her. She walked with them, swam with them, played three-handed bridge . . . and thought her own thoughts. She felt rested, cleaned by the sea and air and the sun. She thought through her problem about Pat. She would go on the stand if called. She would answer questions truthfully but she would not volunteer information.

SHE found that she missed Paul McClure.

He drove over on Sunday in a down-pour of rain to spend the day with them. In the afternoon, after a heavy dinner, they left Hannah and Joel playing Canfield for pennies and went out to walk on the dark wet sand.

Paul, tramping beside her, his hands in his pockets, said, "Looks as if Hannah and Joel—"

"I hope so," said Kathleen.

"He's all right. The sort of man who ought to have money. I like what he does with it and himself."

"So do I. . . ."

They were silent, walking in the rain. Paul said finally, "Play begins to shape up—"

"And Remembering Sorrow is sold out three months in advance," she said. "I'm so proud of you."

"For the three months?"

"No. I would have been as proud had you failed."

"That's what I wanted to hear," he said contentedly.

Presently he asked, "How about Pat? I mean"—he hesitated—"how do you stand?"

She said, "Free. After seeing him the night of the opening, whatever was left—and I wasn't exactly proud of *that*, Paul—was gone."

"Kate!" He caught her hand. "Oh, don't look so alarmed. It's just to say I'm still here, waiting."

She drew her hand away. She said, "I know that, Paul." She thought, But you can't fall in and out and into love again. You have to wait and think. She said, "I like you better than any one I have ever known."

"Suits me," he said, "for a start."

He left after supper, and she missed him, watching Hannah and Joel. And Hannah came in to see her that night after she was in bed.

"I'm going to marry Joel," she said, without preliminary.

"I'm glad, Hannah."

"Me, too." The dark narrow eyes were soft. She said, "The kids like me. I'm terrified of them, but they're sweet. And I love Joel, Kate. Maybe I'm not in love with him, but I love him. I know the difference now. I think maybe this way is better."

Kathleen asked, "But—Paul?"

"Never mind that," said Hannah. "Perhaps it was just stubbornness. Perhaps it was something left over. I don't know. He's in love with you and he won't be with me, ever again, no matter what you do. It's up to you

OUR NEXT WAR!

Shall the People Vote on It?

In the past, one man—or at most a small group of men—could send—did send—this nation into armed conflict. NOW the Ludlow Amendment seeks to prevent that—seeks to give every voter a right to say whether or not he shall risk his life and happiness in war with another Power. Next week

Rose Wilder Lane

tells you why she favors this amendment. It is an article of deep and vital interest to every single individual in this country!

WHAT IS A JEW?

From where did he come? Where is he going? What is he doing? What is wrong with him—if anything? One of the most serious situations in the world today finds full and frank discussion in next week's issue.

PLAY BALL!

The big-league season's almost here. Suppose you had unlimited money and could buy any player in the league. What all-star National League team would start the season for you? And what American League team?

Next week the BIG-LEAGUE PLAYERS THEMSELVES pick for you the two theoretical teams they think are the best in the major circuits. In the meantime YOU try it—then check your results with theirs. Incidentally, there will be a chance for you to win a prize to be coveted by any dyed-in-the-wool baseball fan in the country!

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

now. I'm out of it . . . and happy. I'd like you to believe that. . . ."

"Hannah, I do, and I'm so happy for you. . . ."

In the morning Joel was to return to town. But he had caught a cold, he was running a slight temperature, and Hannah bullied him into remaining. She did his telephoning for him with a brisk little air, quite possessive, which touched and amused Kath-

leen. And Kathleen spent the day in the library, or walking alone in the rain. For it kept on raining.

It still rained the next day. And on Wednesday it came down harder than ever. The wind rose and the sea came in. "It looks," said Joel, frowning, "like a bad storm . . . the end of that Florida hurricane maybe. I don't much like it. . . ."

Before noon a car came racing up the soaked driveway and stopped. Hannah was at the windows and turned a startled face. "Set another place," she said. "It's Pat. . . ."

He faced Kathleen, dripping, in the library. They were alone. Joel and Hannah had discreetly left.

"Get your things off," she said sharply. "And what in the world—"

"Rosa Davenport told me where you were," he said. "We're in a hell of a mess, Kathleen. . . ."

"We," she repeated, "the investigation?"

"Oh, that. You may be called. I don't know. I'll try and fix it— No, it's Sandra. I married her," he said sullenly—"in April."

"Married!"

"I was drunk," he said. "When I came to—well, I persuaded her to keep it quiet for a while. I said my mother would be antagonistic. . . ."

She said scornfully, "As if you cared! She fell for that?"

"No, but . . . well, she had the ring and it was O. K. with her. I promised I'd get her a Hollywood test. . . . We've been leading a cat-and-dog life for some time. She got sick of it, wanted to give it to the papers. And I talked too much at the wrong time. She said, not long ago, 'It's a good thing I'm your wife and won't have to testify when this investigation comes up.'" He looked at her, haggard. "But the other night at the opening—"

"Well?"

"She's quit—to divorce me. She'll name you."

"As what?" demanded Kathleen.

"I don't know. Correspondent, she says. . . . She knows I've been to see you at Hannah's. Or she'll sue you. Alienation of affections."

"But, how—?"

"I can't afford this now, with the investigation coming on. I tell you it will ruin me," he said.

HE HADN'T a thought of her, she perceived without astonishment, or what Sandra's play acting would do to her. She asked, "Why did you come here?"

"You've got to come back with me and talk to her. Maybe you can make her see sense."

"That's out of the question," said Kathleen. "I've nothing to fear from her, Pat. . . . Let her sue."

"But how about me?" he said.

They were still arguing when Hannah rapped at the door. "Luncheon," she said, "and make it snappy. Joel and I are starved."

Pat said, catching Kathleen's arm as she moved toward the door, "you won't go back?"

"Of course not, Pat. Don't be absurd."

"I'll stay here till you do," he said grimly.

It was a curious luncheon. Hannah talked most of the time. Joel, watching Kathleen's white face, was worried for her. He did not like the little he had seen of Mr. Bell. The storm rose steadily and the servants began to show signs of disorganization . . . and the sea came closer. By early afternoon there was no longer any question of Pat's returning to town. . . .

There were not many neighbors on this particular stretch of beach; most of the houses had been closed for the season. But a woman fought her way

up against the almost unendurable wind, carrying a child of two or three years. She was a caretaker, left in a summer cottage until the first of the month. Her husband had gone into the village and had not returned. The water was rising steadily, she told Joel, clutching the wailing child, the porch had been swept off, she was afraid to stay.

He was talking to her, trying to quiet her, and Mrs. Keates, perfectly calm except for a heightened color, was making tea on an oilstove, as the electricity had long since failed, when Paul's battered car drove in. Kathleen ran out to meet him, and shrieked when she saw the car's condition, "Paul, you crazy fool!"



WHY DOES IT HAPPEN HERE?

AT THE end of each working day, all over America, millions of workers come out into parking fields like this, climb into their own automobiles, and drive home. A familiar sight near almost any American factory—yet it doesn't happen in foreign lands. Few foreign workmen have cars. Why, then, does it happen here?

Why does America, with only 1/15 of the world's population, own nearly three fourths of the world's automobiles, have half of its telephones, use one third of the electricity produced? Why can five sixths of all American families own radios, two thirds enjoy electric light, one third own electric refrigerators?

Why? Because American industry has sought to give the public *more goods for more people at less cost*—has developed new products to make possible better living, has learned to make them at lower and lower cost so that more millions of people can have the good things of life. General Electric, through research and the application of electricity to the tasks of factory and home, has been a leader in this progress. Its efforts today are directed to the creation of still higher living standards for America.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

DOCTOR'S FORMULA

GREAT SUCCESS FOR UGLY SURFACE

PIMPLES



PRaised FROM COAST TO COAST!

Don't be humiliated by unsightly, blotchy surface pimples and blemishes because here's REAL help: powerfully soothing liquid Zemo (a Doctor's formula) quickly relieves itching soreness and starts right in to help nature promote QUICK healing. Here's why—Zemo contains 10 of the most highly effective medicinal ingredients long recognized by leading skin specialists for their great merit. Stainless, invisible. One trial convinces! 35¢, 60¢, \$1. Real severe cases may need \$1.25 EXTRA strength. Any drugstore.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood are removed chiefly thru 9 million tiny delicate Kidney tubes or filters. And functional disorders of the Kidneys or Bladder may cause Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Excess Acidity, or Burning Passages. Help your kidneys purify your blood with Cystex. Usually the very first dose starts helping your kidneys clean out excess acids, and this soon may make you feel like new. Under the money-back guarantee Cystex must satisfy completely or cost nothing. Get Cystex (siss-tex) today. Only 3c a dose at druggists.



Every refrigerator sold means 6 men at work for 5 days! So buy that new refrigerator now—and make your job and hundreds of others secure!

WOMEN IN YOUR 40's

Need Not Lose Charm!

Here's good advice for women from 38 to 52 who worry about those annoying symptoms which often attend this stage of life. Life can perhaps be even richer for you now than 20 ever dreamed—

Just get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a reliable "woman's" tonic—take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. It helps Nature build up more physical resistance, thus helps calm jittery nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and gives more energy to enjoy life.

For free trial bottle tear this out and send with name and address to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., 926 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass.

Pinkham's is WELL WORTH trying!

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

He grinned. He was covered with mud, and the car looked as if it had been through a tornado. "I started hours ago," he said, when he got inside, "but there are trees down all the way. I kept thinking of you here . . . and the sea. . . . What's Bell doing here?" he asked, seeing Pat standing by a window talking to Hannah. . . .

"He came down on . . . It doesn't matter, it isn't important. . . ."

Joel said, "We'd better get the girls out of here."

"I doubt if you can," said Paul. "One bridge is down, and look at the water . . . but we can make a try for it. I just made it coming in."

It was incredible, it was unbelievably terrifying. The waves raced by, level with the windows. Wreckage raced with them, doors, window frames, boats, pieces of timber. The gale shrieked like a woman in labor. The windows broke in, all those toward the sea. Glass shattered with an explosive sound. Joel cut his hand, and Hannah tried to bandage it. The child cried steadily.

PAT burst into sudden profanity. He was white, and sweat was on his forehead despite the cold damp, the rising chill. "You can do as you please!" he shouted. "I'm getting out!"

There was a terrific crash as the doors facing the sea blew in, and the water came with them, tons of boiling gray water, swirling around their knees.

Pat had gone, racing out of the door which faced away from the sea. Joel spoke to the woman with the child and to the servants. He took it for granted, it seemed, that Hannah and Kathleen would show no sign of panic. He said, "We'll try and make the bridge over the inlet."

The road was water now, rising and rising. . . . They struggled out, and found themselves waist-high in the cold steady swirl and in terrific current. Joel had the child in his arms, and Mrs. Keates stumbled along with Paul's arm about her. The servants followed.

It was a long walk, with nothing stable upon which to walk. Part of the time you swam and helped those who couldn't swim. Hannah screamed at Kathleen suddenly.

"Pat"—she called—"there—"

They saw him just ahead, doggedly swimming, alone, a black speck among other black specks. They saw the piece of timber which struck him.

Paul yelled, "Take care of her, Kate!" and left Mrs. Keates and struck out for the figure ahead.

Kathleen watched, fighting to keep her balance. She cried, once, "No!" And then, "No, Paul!" But he did not, or would not, hear.

When they reached him he was supporting Pat's big unconscious body. He said briefly, "In the head, I think. It looks bad. . . ."

"It's too deep to stand here," shouted Paul. And Kathleen, struggling out of her sodden clothes and

shoes, stripping herself to her underwear, swam toward him, trying to avoid the wreckage. . . . "I'll help," she called above the hellish noise of wind and water.

The boat came then, a rowboat with two men in it. One called, nearing, "The bridge is out. You'll have to come with us. . . ."

"Take him," said Paul. "He's hurt. . . . You go too, Kate."

She shook her head.

"The woman and her baby," she said, "and Hannah—"

They were all together now. The man in the boat said, "We'll take all we can. Rest will have to wait till we get back or send. All hell's broken loose. . . ."

They got Pat in the boat, and Mrs. Keates and the woman with the baby. Joel said, "Hannah?" But she just looked at him. She said, "You go, idiot, you're sick." But he laughed at her.

There was room for the servants, and Joel insisted that they go.

The boat rowed off. That left four of them in the storm, clinging together. The water rushed past with a triumphant fury, the rain beat down, the wind screamed savagely. A door floated past and Paul flung himself at it, and he and Joel steadied it while the two girls climbed on, half naked, shivering.

The men half waded, half swam alongside, holding the raft. They might reach the place where the bridge had been.

They reached it. The water was not as deep here, and there were other people waiting. Pitiful and distracted and brave, clutching a child, a dog, a cat, a jewel case . . . waiting for rescue.

THE boats came at last and took them back to land beaten but firm under their feet. Trees down across the road, high-tension wires, a crazy wreckage, as if a madman had gone through.

They found shelter in a house in the village . . . dry clothes, whisky. Hannah sat beside Joel and held his hands between her own. "If you've caught more cold," she scolded. . . . "Paul, can't you get a doctor?"

"The doctors are busy with people who've been hurt," said Joel. He put his hand on her black hair. "I'm all right," he said.

"You're telling me!" said Hannah, sobbing.

Kathleen and Paul sat together in front of an oilstove. Kathleen had on a sweater much too large for her, and a tweed skirt pinned at the waistband. Her hair was soaked and there was a bruise on her cheek.

She said, "We must find out about Pat. . . ."

Paul rose and looked down at her. "I'm going now."

"Paul . . ."

He turned back. "Yes?"

"You—saved him."

He shrugged. "The guy was knocked out," he said; "he couldn't save himself."

You couldn't search for motives here; you found only the decent human impulse and instinct. No grandstand play at saving the man your girl loved, for you knew she no longer loved him.

The tears ran slowly down her face. The storm was abating. Tomorrow would bring word of death and horror, tragedy and courage.

"Paul," she said again, "don't leave me—for long."

He came close to her. Joel and Hannah were there, absorbed in each other. They did not hear him speak; he would not have cared had they heard.

"Kate. Get this straight. This is—drama. It's not everyday living. Don't let yourself be convinced that just because I held Pat's head above water—"

"It wasn't that, although that showed me the way," she said.

"I'll hope," he told her, his eyes very bright, "but I won't hold you to it. After the storm, serenity. You'll know then. I can't let you make a fool of yourself because you're overwrought, because—"

She said, "All right. Just go on hoping."

HE bent and kissed her once, hard, on the mouth and turned away. She sat there, very still, her hands folded in her lap. She thought, It was like that, then . . . like lightning. Different from—from the other. . . . No less exciting, but with a sense of security, of homing, underlying the excitement. What had Molly Bell said: A rehearsal. Rehearsal for love. This was the play itself.

It was an hour before Paul came back. When he entered and they looked at him, they knew. Joel swore and Hannah stifled a little cry. Kathleen's eyes were wide.

She asked, "He's dead . . . ?"

"Yes," said Paul. "That knock on the head. . . . I—I couldn't get through to his mother, Kate. No wires. We'll get a car. I'll drive you up. It may take a long time, but we'll manage."

"Poor Molly," said Kathleen brokenly.

She could weep for Pat, who had not escaped, and for Molly, who could not escape. Paul would understand why she wept. His arm was about her, holding her quietly. After a moment she stopped crying. She said, looking at him, and loving with all her heart:

"All right, Paul. Let's go."

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆ by Oliver Swift

★★★ HERE COMES A CANDLE
by Storm Jameson. The Macmillan Co. The best novel to date of this too-little-known English writer. A Grand Hotel combination of the lives and intrigues of the inhabitants of a London slums house. Exciting and dramatic.

TENTH WEEK—HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT—CASH PRIZE WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE, \$50

MRS. S. C. COALE
Berlin, Conn.

SECOND PRIZE, \$25

N. E. HAWE
Regina, Sask.

TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES, Each \$5

O. E. Batson, Moss Point, Miss.; Carl Benschmidt, Tillamook, Ore.; J. L. Benshoof, Fargo, N. D.; Charles A. Best, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho;

Charles H. Blair, Ottawa, Ont.; E. M. Bratton, Toronto, Ont.; Spencer Brown, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Walter S. Case, Denver, Colo.; W. J. Fraker, Marshall, Tex.; John W. Grant, Chino, Calif.; Miss E. E. Hansen, Denver, Colo.; Fred Heglin, Regina, Sask.; Louis Hochman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; William Hohmeyer, East Orange, N. J.; Joe C. Mullen, Danville, Ill.; Mrs. August Oberlander, Waco, Tex.; Elmer L. Onstott, St. Louis, Mo.; E. C. Reed, San Diego, Calif.; Ela Ray Reufro, Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. Eugene E. Slaughter, Durant, Okla.; Gertrude Sloan, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Charles W. Tuck, Windsor, Ont.; Mrs. Walter W. Tuell, Louisville, Ky.; W. H. Wilson, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Mrs. R. G. Wisner, Cedarville, Mich.

WINNERS OF MR. MACFADDEN'S PRIZE OFFER FOR PUBLICITY OF HIS EDITORIAL, IS THE FALL OF ROME A WARNING TO US?

FIRST PRIZE, \$100

B. L. HAMMER
Tampa, Fla.

TEN SECOND PRIZES, EACH \$10

JOHN G. ALEXANDER
Minneapolis, Minn.

LOUIS P. AMORUSO
Somerville, Mass.

GEORGE WESLEY SMITH
Monroe, La.

JOSEPH HENRY BLAKE
La Jolla, Calif.

(Mrs.) LUCY LYTTON PETERSON
Belle Fourche, S. D.

JOHN S. FULLERTON
Ashland, Ky.

DINTY D. DENNIS
Miami, Fla.

(Mrs.) HELENA S. CHRISTIANSEN
Santa Ana, Calif.

R. CALDWELL PATTON
New York, N. Y.

CHARLES L. HUNTER
Wildwood-by-the-Sea, N. J.

A PORTABLE TYPEWRITER YOU CAN AFFORD...

the new **CORONA**
Zephyr

An amazing job! Complete with case it weighs only 9 lbs., tucks away in a desk drawer, yet has standard 4-row 84-character keyboard, back spacer, swinging shift, etc. And most amazing of all, it costs only \$29.75.



SWINGING SHIFT
BACK SPACER
WEIGHS 9 LBS. COMPLETE WITH CASE
BALL BEARING CARRIAGE
84 CHARACTER KEYBOARD

ONLY
\$29.75

All prices subject to revision.

L. C. Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc.
Desk 3, 135 Almond Street,
Syracuse, N. Y.

Mail me free folder about the Corona model checked here ☐ the new Zephyr ☐ the new "Speedline" (higher in price, but "the last word in portable typewriters").

Name

Street

City..... State.....

FATHER FLANAGAN'S IDEA

SHERMAN, TEX.—I read Father Flanagan's article in October 8 Liberty not once but several times, because the more I thought of it the more I became convinced that he had not only solved our unprotected boys' principal problem, but he had, at the same time, solved all of the problems that confront and menace civilization throughout the world.

If one attempted to boil down into one single word the existing crisis that confronts civilization, one could not find in the English language any word that better describes it than the word intolerance. If one sought two words to best describe it, those two words could not be other than intolerance and indifference.

Humanity's progress has only been possible through the unselfish thoughts, unselfish work, the unselfish service of unselfish men and women; because unselfish men and women are tolerant men and women.

It is my humble judgment that the yardstick Father Flanagan has created in the idea which made Boys Town possible can well be the yardstick with which to measure all problems that now con-

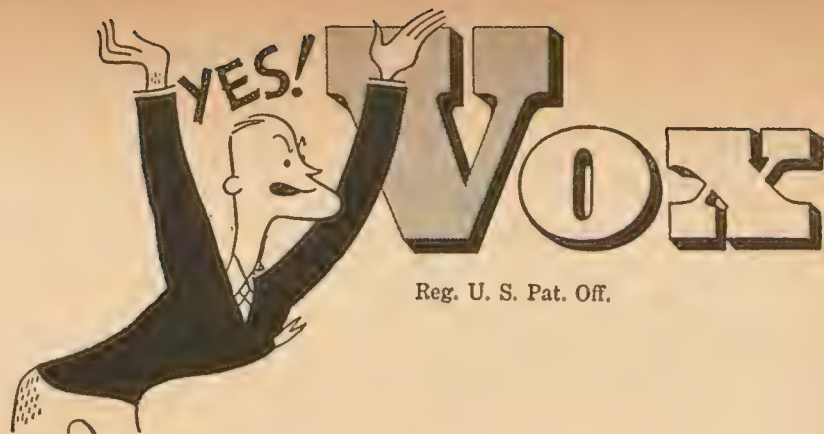
front, or ever can confront, humanity. This idea is in complete harmony with the first law of nature and the first law of civilization—self-preservation; and the existence of any law in any civilized country is only justified to the extent that it restrains the strong and vicious and protects the weak and helpless.

I have also watched with interest for many years the work Mr. Macfadden has done in the interest of our boys and girls as well as all other citizens.

I wish Father Flanagan and Mr. Macfadden could join together in creating an organization for the purpose of extending every possible co-operation in community service to the unprotected youth and aged of the United States.

Father Flanagan's Boys Town should be used as a model through our entire country. There is a most desperate necessity existing among our boys and girls for understanding co-operation. There also exists this same identical condition among many of our older men and women.

Once established and properly administered, such communities could be made self-sustaining.—*R. L. Heflin.*



BECKER'S CONFESSION?

DETROIT, MICH.—I have been greatly interested in your articles (January 14—February 18 Liberty) about Lieutenant Becker and the murder of Rosenthal, the gambler in New York City, many years ago.

At the time I lived in New York City. If you will look up the newspaper files about the time of the execution you should find somewhere a story about the last confession that Lieutenant Becker made to a priest.

I do not recall his name, but I do recall distinctly that the priest was interviewed after the execution, and he gave out this very significant statement: "Justice has been done." And he was so quoted.—*William C. Hunt.*

WHAT A MEDIUM!

LONG BRANCH, N. J.—A ten-line letter in Liberty's Vox Pop nearly a year ago lauding the courage and statesmanship of former Governor Harold G. Hoffman still brings me replies—130 from all parts of the United States, also Canada and Cuba, favorable to two otherwise. What a publicity medium!

And what a service Liberty rendered by its light on the Hauptmann case!—*B. B. Bobbitt, Founder and Editor of Monmouth American.*

40 ISN'T 21

MUSCATINE, IA.—Hell or Heaven After Forty (February 4 Liberty) doesn't add up. If the author would delete the words "or Heaven" from the title, and divorce herself from the delusion that she, or any other female, still has the "umph," charm, bang, or whatever you want to name it, that she had at twenty-one, I think she would reconsider most of the ideas expressed.

This idea of forty and upward being the charming age is a beautiful crutch to limp around on, if you can salve your mind thickly enough with the erroneous belief that tolerance and so-called balance and greater mental poise are more interesting to the world at large than those prime years between twenty and forty.

Why kid ourselves about any "after forty heaven" when we're staggering toward the side lines to watch the "under forty angels" put on the real show?—*Over Forty.*

POTATOES ARE NATIVE

AKRON, OHIO—Please tell May Dixon Thacker that if all of Dead Ends in Dixie (January 28 Liberty) is as untrue as the part where she says that the two McCormack brothers brought potatoes to this country from Scotland, then the whole story is the "bunk." Potatoes, both Irish

NEXT MACFADDEN HIKE

THEY hike and sing their way to health. They find the fountain of youth.

Five years ago Bernarr Macfadden decided to spend two weeks walking in the outdoors as a means of getting away from his publishing of-

fice. He needed relaxation from his strenuous business duties and could think of no better way of maintaining superb health.

The Fifth Annual Physical Culture Walk will be the biggest in the history of the event. Starting from Philadelphia June 3, several hun-

dred hikers will walk to Physical Culture Hotel at Dansville, New York. After a brief rest the caravan will head in the direction of New York City and the World's Fair.

This year's hike, which will last a full month and will cover over six hundred miles,

will be divided into two sections. The first section will walk from Philadelphia to Dansville from June 3 to June 17. The second section will walk from Dansville to the New York World's Fair from June 23 to July 8. Mr. Macfadden will again lead the entourage. Those desiring to take part in either one or both of these hikes should write to D. W. Ferrier, Room 718, Bartholomew Building, 205 East 42d St., New York, N. Y.





(spuds) and sweet, are natives of North America.—A. McKay.

MUSICA MISSTATEMENTS

WESTBURY NY—REFERRING YOUR ARTICLES DARK SOUL IN LIBERTY MAGAZINE FOR YOUR INFORMATION F D COSTER BORN PHILIP MUSICA NEW YORK CITY MAY 12 1884 GOD FATHER BANKER GEORGE LISIGNOL STILL LIVING FATHER ANTHONY MUSICA COMMISSION MERCHANT NATURALIZED U S CITIZEN AND COMFORTABLY ESTABLISHED IN BUSINESS NEW YORK SEVEN YEARS PRIOR HIS MARRIAGE STOP WOULD NOT OBJECT YOUR DESCRIBING PHILIP AS ITALIAN IMMIGRANT IF FACT WERE TRUE AS SO MUCH MORE WOULD BE CREDIT DUE HIM FOR UNDISPUTED RISE AND ACHIEVEMENTS STOP TAKING TROUBLE TO CORRECT BASE OF YOUR MANY MISSTATEMENTS FIRST TO TEST YOUR COURAGE TO MAKE PUBLIC THIS TELEGRAM PROVING GROSS IGNORANCE OF FACTS THEY PROFESS TO EXPLAIN ON PART OF YOUR WOULD BE PSYCHOLOGIST AND EDITOR —EVELYN CALAFATO MUSICA

[Philip Musica was apparently born many times and in many places. His birth certificate and his Who's Who biography say Washington, D. C., and in 1884. Police records as quoted in the public press say Naples, Italy, and in 1877.

In view of the confusion, Liberty was careful to state that its account was "According to the police records," and is now glad to give space to this third and new version.—Vox Pop Editor.]

WORLD TOUR LOANS

MANHATTAN BEACH, CALIF.—I have just presented to Congress a plea for action enabling the Treasury Department to extend the FHA to include world travel tour loans, to be repaid like a public utility by small monthly payments extending over a long term. This secures to poor folk the chance to use vacations advantageously at low immediate cost.

I hope you will give this space as you did to a former idea of mine.—Battell Loomis.

POOR-LOSER CHAMPIONS

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—While the Honorable "Sour Grapes" H. Duard Hays is casting his vote (February 4 Vox Pop) for the All-Time All-America Cry-Baby Champions, Texas Christian University and Dutch Meyer, would you mind so awful much if I cast my vote for the All-Time All-America Poor-Loser Champions, Duke University and Wallace Wade? To my notion, there never was a poorer exhibition of sportsmanship in football than was shown at the termination of the Rose Bowl game.

Babies aren't made that cry as much as Duke did after the game.—James Flannery.

MR. WYLIE WRONGS RENO

RENO, NEV.—You will undoubtedly receive numerous letters similar to this, from Nevadans and others. I hope you do. You and Mr. Philip Wylie deserve it!

First—I'm mad! Just finished the first installment of Death Takes a Reno Holiday (January 28 Liberty). I won't read the rest of it. I have burned the first part. I won't read another Liberty until you square things with us Renoites. And I will want to punch Mr. Wylie in the nose if he pulls another stunt like this!

I'm mad! So Reno is an ugly, sordid, dull little town, is it? So our hotels are cheap and hideous, are they? So we just drink cocktails and ride horses, do we?

I feel sorry for you. I wonder if Mr. Wylie has ever been here—seen our beautiful city, breathed our fresh air, a blend of mountain and desert air, walked our fine streets, visited our modern first-class hotels, and opened his eyes to the fact that because Reno is the Biggest Little City in the World in every sense, the majority of our visitors find this city the one place where they desire to spend the rest of their days.—Art Putney.

POE'S STORY NOT "LOST"

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Back to Poe's Lost Short Story—The Spectacles (September 24 Liberty). Why lost story? I have a battered little old red-cloth-bound book by Poe, The Tell-Tale-Heart and Other Tales.

Among others, like The Black Cat, Mystery of Marie Rouget, and The Pit and the Pendulum, there is The Spectacles.

Oddly enough, I do not find the line in dispute—"a willow on the lawn dropped the rain of its green leaves into the Thames."

Who's loony? — Edna L. Sloner.

"PROTECTION"

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—All that Mr. Oursler says in Police and Press (January 21 Liberty) is true and very fine. But how does he expect an individual private citizen to make a persecuted hero out of himself without any protection whatever, when the federal government condones felonious crimes and the very highest executives of the federal government (who have more than ample protection) do not prosecute wealthy and influential people who have committed felonies in black

and white? Whereas if it were a little ordinary individual they would be given long sentences in federal prison as mere routine.

Suppose Mr. Oursler writes a fine article on that too.—B. M. Gentry.



HOW ABOUT US TRUCKERS?

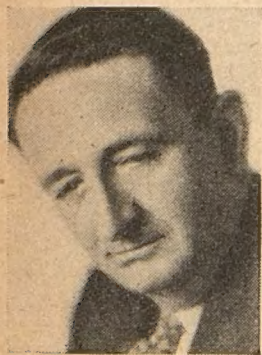
SEBEKA, MINN.—An ex-railroader howls about the injustice to railroads (January 28 Vox Pop). Well, how about us truckers? We are American citizens. We haven't large loans from the government, but we are also controlled by the I. C. C. and would like a little representation there now.

I think it would be advisable to get an article about the truckers. I believe they spend a few billion dollars yearly for the produce of this nation, and they should get a fair break.—A Commercial Trucker.



"Oh, boy! Wait'll the gang hears I can spit 6,000 feet!"

The Mother Spider Takes a Deep Breath



FULTON OURSLER.

THE FOLLOWING letter has just come to my desk:

"I just asked my wife for some writing paper for this letter. She laughed, saying she had no paper for such trash. Well, we'll see.

I am a young man just twenty-one years old.

When I was graduated from high school I was full of ambition and confidence.

I have been a soda jerker, waiter, and shoe salesman in a large department store. From time to time I have been among the unemployed. Right now is one of those times.

For almost a year I have been married, and my wife is about to have a baby. I am not bad-looking, have lots of pep, and am strong physically. I learn very quickly, dislike details, and am imaginative. I sing pretty good, and I have always wished to be an actor, writer, reporter, or have a position that was interesting and enabled me to travel a lot.

What I want to know is this:

What is there for a fellow like me? I want excitement and life, but I must also earn a living for my wife and baby-to-be. I have too much pride to go on relief, or to depend upon my relatives and in-laws for support. Is there anything which would give me both an interesting life and support for my family? Or is that asking too much?

Yours thankfully
(if you print it),

M. J. G.

Detroit, Michigan."

HUNDREDS OF EARNEST

young men and women have written me letters like yours, with the same bewilderment, good temper, and, if you don't mind my saying so, shortsightedness.

You want to have steady work and an interesting life. Who does not?

Have you decided what you really want to be? You write vaguely of being an actor or writer. These are widely different and highly specialized occupations. Writing, for example, is a profession requiring in most cases study just as hard and long as that required to be a doctor or a lawyer. However, you can prepare for writing or for other work by going to night school three evenings a week and taking courses. Meanwhile you could also learn shorthand and equip yourself to be a well paid secretary, just in case you tired of authorship. In any case, you need to settle in your own mind on a goal and then to prepare for it by night study while you are earning a living for your wife and child.

As for having an interesting life, that is not up to your job, but up to you. An old proverb about travel says, "He, who would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him." Travel is no more interesting than staying at home unless you take with you the wealth of knowledge and understanding.

ing eyes. What is true of travel is true of your work.

YOU WERE A SHOE SALESMAN.

What do you know about the shoe business? When you sold shoes, did you actually study shoes, or did you just look on the job as a means to a weekly pay check? Did you learn anything about the history of shoes? For example, the fascinating yarn about the shoemaker with his tools and a supply of leather who came on the Mayflower to Plymouth? Ever since then Massachusetts has led in the manufacture of shoes.

You want to write. There is a large trade press devoted entirely to boots and shoes. Did you originate any new methods of selling shoes that might interest other salesmen and which you might write about for the Boot and Shoe Recorder or some other journal of the trade? Did you inform yourself about foot hygiene? Or about the theories of Bernarr Macfadden and Professor Mathews on walking as the foundation of health and their ideas on the right kind of shoes to walk in?

DR. MATHEWS WENT

into the jungle and took slow-motion pictures of savage feet treading the forest; watched how they steered with the great toe, how they adjusted their balance to lift the center of gravity, and thus achieved natural posture and gave buoyancy to the whole body. He even invented a new style of shoe to enable civilized man to walk with the grace and power of a tiger. You could sell more than shoes to your customers; you could sell them walking in comfort, sell them health. Don't you think all this would make the shoe business more interesting? And don't you think that such special knowledge would have helped you sell more shoes and have made you an invaluable salesman, one that couldn't be dropped from the pay roll?

There are no dull jobs in the world; there are only dull people and unawakened people. Your letter shows that you are waking up, but you are still a little sleepy. You see, you told me all the good things about yourself and none of the other side. You can't scientifically plan a career without facing your faults as well as your good points. If you can get her to do so, which is doubtful, your wife could help you in this evaluation.

How to get a job? Read a forthcoming Liberty article by Frederick L. Collins, Do Our Young People Really Want Jobs? Read the book by Margaret Lukes Wise and Clara Belle Thompson, We Were Forty and We Did Get Jobs.

LET ME LEAVE WITH YOU

the example of that resourceful little creature called the water spider. Scientists call her *Argyroneta natans*. This creature conquered what might have seemed to us an overwhelming environment obstacle. As you know, spiders are thoroughly land creatures, breathing dry air. That is why most of them keep away from the water. Probably the water spider comes down from ancestor spiders trapped in an aquatic environment. They would have drowned

if they had not learned how to overcome their difficulties. So let us watch the female water spider. She takes a deep breath, dives into the water, and weaves a flattish web, pegging it down by threads of silk from her own body. Then she comes to the surface, takes another deep breath, and descends again with air absorbed in the hairs of her body. She expels this air underneath her web, which is then buoyed up like a dome. Actually, she is making what we call a diving bell, full of dry air. There she lives and breeds and hatches her eggs. Because in some incalculable past she did so, the race of spiders has lived on in spite of hell and high water. The water spider did not run away from her problem; she stayed there and solved it.



THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

CONTENTS FOR MARCH 25, 1939

EDITORIAL

Patriotism—No Nation Can Live Without It..Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

Never Again Alone. Ruth Hamilton 22
The Ten-Grand Gesture Alec Rackowe 32
The Pied Piper's Autograph—Liberty's Short Short Eddie Forester 52

SERIALS

Twilight Cheats—Part I Grace Perkins 10
Lady with Wings—Part III George Palmer Putnam 15
I Married a Nazi—Part VI Oscar Schisgall 43
Rehearsal for Love—Conclusion Faith Baldwin 61

ARTICLES

Safety Isn't Sissy! Paul G. Hoffman 7
Roosevelt Dictates Too! Benito Mussolini 8
Hollywood Jobs: The Confessions of a Talent Scout I. I. ("Al") Altman as told to Kenneth L. Watt 29
America's Richest Actor Frederick L. Collins 39
I Am an Interne..... 54
I Am a Psychic Detective: The Old Lady of Battersea Horace Leaf, F. R. G. S. 55

FEATURES

To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 20; Crossword Puzzle, 38; Vacation Travel Contest, 42; Twenty Questions, 58; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 59; Vox Pop, 68.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY
R. WILSON McCOY

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul
And a wise whiskey judge was he.

He praised to the sky
His Old Overholt rye
For its richness and rare quality.



Like "Old King Cole," you too will find that Old Overholt is a whiskey "fit for a king"—a royal rye whose rich, distinctive flavor has enthroned it in the regard of fine whiskey judges for 129 years. You'll also find that this most popular of "bonded" rye whiskies is well within your means with Old Overholt now selling at the lowest prices in 20 years.

OLD OVERHOLT
U.S. BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY

COPYRIGHT 1939, NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK

So rich and full-bodied
is Old Overholt
that you can pour
less and get fine,
full-flavored drinks.

The day of Richard E. Waggener, leading television engineer, is full of complicated technical problems. You can be sure he welcomes pleasant leisure moments spent with mild, rich-flavored Camels. He says: "It's a comfort to

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!"



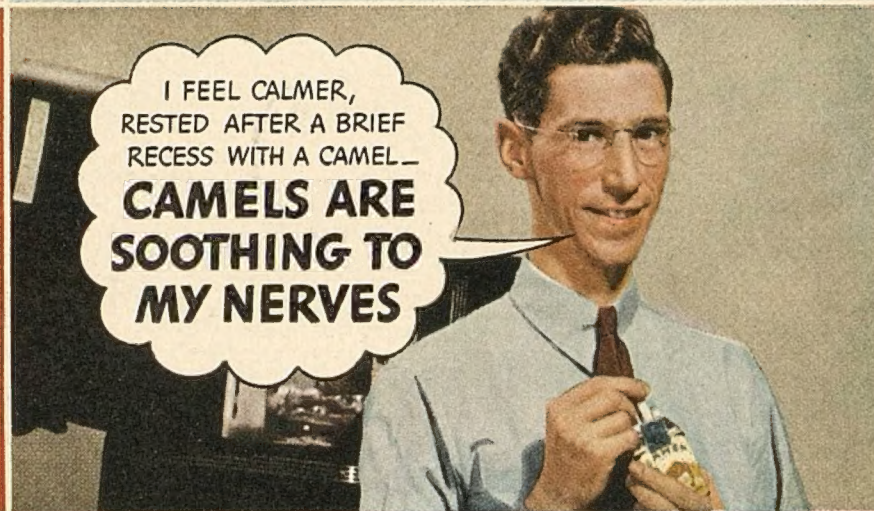
1 A TELEVISION BROADCAST is all set to start—time to be cool, steady. Engineer Richard E. Waggener of Philco (left) passes his Camels to Katharine Aldridge and Shane Kelly. All three welcome the pleasure of a mild, good-tasting Camel. "Easing off to let up—light up a Camel is a grand way to lessen nerve strain," says Dick Waggener.



2 ON THE AIR! Eye of television is an amazing scanning beam that zigzags over a scene 13,000 times per second. Reception is remarkably clear, thanks to engineers who solve television's knotty problems. Many of these hard-working experts are Camel smokers. They find a pause and a Camel a delightful way to smooth out the rough spots of busy days.



3 AT A HOME RECEIVING SET: Mrs. Dorothy Temple is taking in the televised show while she enjoys a Camel. Mrs. Temple finds that Camels are an important contribution to the pleasure she gets out of living. She says: "Camels always taste so good. They have a wonderful mildness. Besides, I find a pause and a Camel so soothing to my nerves."



4 "MY JOB CALLS FOR intense concentration," says television engineer Waggener, "and that might mean a lot of nerve strain if I didn't take it easy now and then to let up—light up a Camel!" For *real* enjoyment, for all the *pleasure* there is in smoking, let up—light up a Camel—the cigarette America's smokers treasure most for *mildness*—for *rich flavor*!



COSTLIER TOBACCOS
Smoke 6 packs of Camels
and find out why they are the
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA



HE'S RESTING HIS NERVES
... AND SO IS HE!

Above—the Harlequin Great Dane relaxing after a hard run. Although the dog's nerve system is high-keyed, sensitive like our own, when he tires, he halts *instinctively*! We are apt to keep going long past the capacity of our nerves. Yet you owe it to yourself to *rest* your nerves. Do it pleasantly, easily. Pause now and then—LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! Try Camels—*today*! There's a world of comfort, pleasure in the *milder, richer-tasting tobaccos* of this finer cigarette. And remember, smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos are soothing to the nerves.

